

BOMBS! We now Insure Life, Limb AND HOME. SEE PAGE ELEVEN.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 444.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1914.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought
shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest
but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



**WHAT
WE HAVE
WE'LL
HOLD!**

*Largest
Circulation
of any
Weekly
Journal
in the
World.*

017980

For meaning of
this No. see
page ii. of Cover.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured

Address

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name

Address

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, December 9th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, December 10th.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality. Terms are exactly the same during the Jumping Season.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. BROWN, 26, Battlefield Avenue, Langside, Glasgow. November 14th. 642,152.

J. BURNS, 28, Bogburn Lane, Coppull, nr. Chorley, Lancs. November 14th. 24,780.

CHARLES MILES, 30, Durham Road, Finsbury Park. November 14th. 274,919.

JAMES RUSSELL, "Ruslea," Cartmore Road, Lechelly. November 14th. 540,548.

Mrs. JANE BARRON, 6, Hedley Street, Hebburn Quay. November 14th. 683,681.

JOHN C. STUART, 24, Station Road, Pendlebury, Manchester. November 14th. 352,088.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 28th:—

013877	173574	375531	613719	853054
030660	182277	393230	624132	867065
039647	194808	426275	637755	894311
060225	212882	434286	676211	901755
075531	243129	485283	696373	957892
085779	253484	509735	720153	958720
110501	264120	518904	751093	986104
122371	268475	533411	762332	A000749
136125	320587	572890	776175	A008362
165442	341963	580072	804907	042854A

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published December 9th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. December 5, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Dec. 12th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.	AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford	v. Liverpool
			Manchester U.	v. Sheffield U.
			Bolton Wanderers	v. Middlesbro'
			Notts County	v. Tottenham H.
			Sunderland	v. Burnley
			Sheffield W.	v. Bradford C.
			Everton	v. Manchester C.
			Fulham	v. Wolver. Wand.
			Hull City	v. Barnsley
			Derby County	v. Bury
			Lincoln City	v. Bristol C.
			Birmingham	v. Huddersfield T.
			Queen's Park R.	v. Southend U.
			Millwall A.	v. Swindon
			Bristol R.	v. Portsmouth
			Croydon C.	v. Luton T.
			Reading	v. Exeter C.
			Southampton	v. Cardiff C.
			Northampton	v. Brighton & H. A.
			West Ham	v. Crystal Palace

Enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed

8

Address

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Finsbury Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Fast Mail Cent, No. 6, and post to reach us not later than Friday, December 11th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on December 12th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

TEAMS.	TEAMS.
Bradford v. Liverpool	Lincoln C. v. Bristol C.
Manchester U. v. Sheffield U.	Birmingham v. Huddersfield T.
Bolton W. v. Middlesbro'	Queen's P. R. v. Southend U.
Notts C. v. Tottenham H.	Millwall A. v. Swindon
Sunderland v. Burnley	Bristol R. v. Portsmouth
Sheffield W. v. Bradford C.	Croydon C. v. Luton T.
Everton v. Manchester C.	Reading v. Exeter C.
Fulham v. Wolver. Wand.	Southampton v. Cardiff C.
Hull City v. Barnsley	Northampton v. Brighton & H. A.
Derby County v. Bury	West Ham v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVII. No. 444. Week ending Saturday, December 5th, 1914. One Penny.

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GENERALS, ADMIRALS,
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£10 REWARD.

**Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull"
for NOV. 28th, 1914, bearing on
its Cover the Number 714.212.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.**

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics
of the day.]

When will it End?

Again we say the war will not last long; and kindly remember that we have always said so, and have, until now, been alone in saying it. More next week.

The Bulwark.

Would it be very wrong and unpatriotic of us to say—apropos of the "internal explosion" which caused the loss of this fine ship—"we don't think"?

Is it True—?

That at the time of the recent attack upon the Yarmouth coast we had four cruisers in the harbour, but all the officers were ashore? And if so, why so?

Our Recruiting Campaign.

Another wonderful meeting—this time at Colwyn Bay—where the huge Pier Pavilion was packed to overflowing, under the presidency of its principal citizen, Councillor Horton. It was the old story—"nothing like it ever seen before." And now for Warrington—and then the Albert Hall.

Exit the M.P.

Having voted Mr. Lloyd George all the money he wants, members of Parliament have gone home for two months. This is how the *Observer* explains it: "In war the normal working of the Party system . . . cannot be operative . . . without the risk of profound injury, and even of destruction to the nation." What do you think of it? Still, it is fairly cheap—only 670 times £400 a year, with about £50,000 more thrown in for the occupants of the Treasury Bench!

The War Loan.

We've got the ships; we've got the men; we've got the money, too. But why should we pay it back? This is a war for posterity, and posterity really ought to pay. After all, it's a long time since it did anything for us.

The Complete Letter Writer.

Extract from a letter recently received by a friend from a lad at the front: "I write these few lines hoping they will find you quite well, as they leave me at present. I am in hospital, and have had my left leg amputated." Wonderful chap, Tommy!

Officers' Expenses.

Many men in the ranks are now being given commissions, which prompts us to say a few words to Commanding Officers—especially those doing duty in these isles. Don't forget that these young fellows have no private incomes, and consequently are unable to spend money on a special uniform for mess purposes, or to contribute to funds for entertaining visitors.

Trial by Jury.

When we get back to Parliament, we must introduce a Bill to amend the law of Trial by Jury, by leaving everything except the main questions of fact to the Judge. In a recent case, we understand, two thirds of the jury were for awarding the plaintiff very substantial damages, but ultimately, in order to get home, they gave way to the minority and agreed to a farthing! That the majority were right in the opinion of the Judge is shown by the fact that he ordered the defendants to pay the whole of the costs.

"Those Sinful Sweepstakes!"

What would the Anti-Gambling League say to the following letter, received from a member of Mr. Patrick O'Brien's staff now serving with the Mounted Artillery at Lyndhurst, Hants?

Apropos of those "Sinful Sweepstakes" may I draw your attention to the loyalty of the staff of Mr. Patrick O'Brien? When the war broke out five out of six of his male staff threw up their berths and answered their country's call. Although Mr. O'Brien generously paid us our full wages, we did not shirk the task that has made England what she is to-day. Comparisons are odious, but what are the canting humbugs doing? Hiding low, I suppose, until "wrong is righted." What havoc this war has created with those grand chaps we used to see at the "Sandown Military." Gallantly they rode there and equally so in the face of the German hordes to their winning post. P.S.—Off to France next week.

Our Christmas Number.

These are not the days for talking about a "Merry Xmas," but you will get as near as possible to the idea by purchasing a copy of our Xmas Number—which will be on sale everywhere on Friday, December 11, at twopence. It is quite distinct from our ordinary issue, and represents the combined Xmas editions of *JOHN* and *Mary Bull*, and is the "last word" in Xmas numbers.

Ready December 11th. "John Bull" Christmas Number, 2d. Better order it now.

Where's the Censor?

Kur Hardie seems to have "caught a Tartar" in the person of Mr. Edgar Jones, M.P., his colleague in the Parliamentary "representation" of Merthyr Tydvil, and we warmly congratulate the honourable gentleman upon the pith and patriotism of his recent protest in the House of Commons. Replying for the Government, Mr. Pease was of opinion that the snarlings of the Kur "ought to be treated with contempt," which means, we suppose, that Ministers have no intention of taking effective action. We regret their decision; not because we fear the influence of the Hardie-Macdonald clique upon public opinion at home, but in view of the misleading inferences which will inevitably be drawn in hostile and neutral countries. This aspect of the matter is rather outside the purview of the military authorities—with whom the ultimate responsibility in such cases appears largely to rest. The speeches of these irresponsibles are addressed principally to the reporters, and a judicious employment of the powers of the Press Censorship might prove an effectual means of choking their traitorous garrulity.

Hogge Wash.

In common with more eminent Parliamentarians, the egregious Mr. Hogge, who "represents" East Edinburgh, has lately been exploiting the ideas propounded in these columns. In the pages of a Scottish journal he has been permitted to air his views upon various matters related to the war, and, in the freshness of his genius, he artfully inquires, "Why can't we have some up-to-date business methods introduced into the War Office?" There's originality for you! And this, forsooth, is the braying nincompoop who only the other day described Lord Kitchener's appointment to the War Office as "the biggest mistake" in the conduct of the war! If Mr. Hogge can improve on the methods of the War Minister, why on earth doesn't he go down to Whitehall and chat things over with some responsible official, instead of howling disconsolately to the empty air? But, of course, he is as bankrupt of ideas as a sparrow, and mental nakedness seldom disdains borrowed raiment.

The Spy Folly.

There is still a good deal of uneasiness in relation to the Spy menace, and Mr. McKenna's testy and evasive replies to perfectly legitimate Parliamentary questions have not tended to increase the confidence of the public in the measures taken for their protection. Having lately bestirred himself in response to an unmistakable expression of public sentiment, the right honourable gentleman now seems to repent his belated activity, if he does not actually contemplate a reversal of policy. We are informed that the able-bodied enemy aliens recently arrested are not, as we had fondly assumed, to be kept in safe custody till the end of the war, but to be "sifted and winnowed"—whatever that may mean—and then, unless they are gravely suspected, again let loose upon the community. What a game! And think of the stakes!

"Tommy Atkins, Villain."

We note that, in the words of the old, old song, the parsons keep on doing it all day long. The latest is the Rector of Bath, the Rev. Prebendary Boyd, who, in the name of the Bath Vigilance and Rescue Association, "appeals to parents and employers of labour in Bath to keep their girls under careful supervision at the present time, in the interests both of the girls themselves and of those who are training for the Front." Splendid recruiting agents some of these clergymen, aren't they?

A feast of fun and jolly entertainment—"John Bull" Christmas Number. Out December 11th, 2d.

War and the Workhouse.

Stirred to emulation by the splendid example of their Lambeth brethren, the Yarmouth Board of Guardians are about to bring forward at the annual meeting of the Association of Poor Law Unions a resolution in favour of a general economy in paupers' dietary. It will point out that considerable food economy was exercised at the workhouse during the earlier weeks of the war, because of a shortage of supplies; and that as there were only two grumblers amongst over five hundred inmates; as the health of the inmates did not suffer; and as the swill tubs were empty instead of full, it is desirable to revise the dietary scale laid down in the Institutions Order, 1913. At present the average cost of feeding a pauper (detestable word!) is 4s. 6d. per week. The Yarmouth Bumbles think it should be lower. We would like to see the workhouse swill tubs full again, and the Yarmouth Guardians forced to partake of the contents for a week or two. It might help them to secrete a little of the milk of human kindness.

Play Up!

There is a note of hysteria in the outcries against "professional" football which have been heard of late, and we fancy the "prohibitionists" are "a long, long way" from their goal. While yielding to none in our zeal for the national cause, we are by no means convinced that any useful purpose would be served by the abandonment of the season's matches, nor can we shut our eyes to the hardships which must inevitably result from the sudden cessation of the national game. With "footer" suspended, we should soon have the killjoys clamouring for the suppression of race meetings, and perhaps for the closing of theatres and music-halls, and so we might go on in a crescendo of gloom. We can imagine no surer way of deadening the spirit of the nation in a period of unexampled strain. Why not turn the matches to profitable account by placing a small tax for national purposes upon the more highly priced tickets of admission?

Out of his own Mouth.

On the night of May 29th, 1913, foreign policy was the subject of a debate in the House of Commons, in the course of which Mr. King, the Radical Member for North Somerset, urged that a well-directed peace policy would save the nation millions of pounds a year. A Channel tunnel, for instance, he said, would ensure our food supplies and save us half-a-dozen Dreadnoughts. This brought Sir F. Banbury to his feet. "What would happen," he inquired, "if we were at war with France, or the Germans occupied the French ports?" Mr. King's retort should be printed on a card and hung round his neck as evidence of his political sagacity: "Suppose we were at war with the man in the moon? (Laughter.) Absurd suppositions only occur to absurd minds." (Renewed laughter.) In view of subsequent events, under what category should Mr. King's mind be placed?

Germhuny's Worry.

A Yorkshire reader laments the fact that one of the results of the war is that Germhuny is not sending over any old rags. No doubt it is the same with old clothes and old shoes. We gather, indeed, that Germhuny wants all its old lumber for its own consumption, for the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* is making urgent appeal to the public for contributions of metal to the Berlin mint—plate, medals, silver ornaments, bottle stoppers and even lead soldiers—all of which will be gratefully received at a depot opened for the purpose. If anybody this side has any old sardine tins, lobster tins, frying pans, rusty nails or—but we forget. We must not aid and comfort the enemy.

"Conder" Charlie.

The stern logic of recent events should have taught the *Methodist Times* that Lord Charles Beresford, for all his occasional vehemence, is certainly not a "panic-monger," as our saintly contemporary would have us believe. Lord Charles was one of the small group of public men who, with ourselves, saw the present war "sticking out a foot," and his utterances upon current topics are clearly entitled to respect. It is apropos of the Spy menace that the *Methodist Times* has fallen foul of the noble Lord, who, in its lofty judgment, is doing "the Devil's work" by striving to arouse his countrymen to a sense of the peril in their midst. We are further told that "nearly all the stories of German spies in this country, which have obtained currency, are merely fabrications, and proceed from the Father of Lies." Just think of it—how fearfully busy the poor Devil must be! But, seriously, this kind of thing won't do. German theology may be highly diverting, but where politics is concerned we prefer the British brand.

A Hint to Hobhouse.

The *Post* is the official organ of the Fawcett Association, comprising members of all branches of the Postal Service, and in a recent issue a correspondent has some sharp things to say about the delays which have arisen in the transmission of parcels to soldiers and sailors upon active service. The writer evidently speaks from inside knowledge, and it is to be feared that his grave allegations are well within the mark: Having spoken of the "total inability" of the responsible officials to deal with the situation, he declares that "it is disgraceful that men, comfortably housed and fed, should be wilfully delaying some last trifle, some comforting gift or some loving word to men daily risking their lives at the front." If we believed that the delay was "wilful" we should not mince matters, but like many other defects in State administration, the trouble has probably arisen through sheer muddle-headedness. It is none the less a crying shame, and we thank the *Post* for its outspoken criticism.

Jacob's Jump.

The speed with which certain firms formerly trading in Britain in goods of German manufacture have been able to find sources of supply in neutral countries is little short of astonishing. A case in point: Before us lie two labels taken from bottles of Fredk. Jacob and Co.'s Pilsener Lager Beer. The first says: "Brewed in Germany." The second, a nice, fresh label, declares that the contents of the bottle it adorned were "Brewed in Sweden," and were "bottled at Fredk. Jacob and Co.'s Stores." We congratulate the Swedes on being able to turn out Pilsener in bulk on such short notice. If Messrs. Jacob and Co. will kindly tell us where the brewery is situated we will take the first opportunity to go over it and watch the interesting process. We have always taken an intelligent interest in the brewing industry.

The Lights of Brum.

Judging by an invoice before us, the Gospel according to Joseph has not made much impression on the Corporation of Birmingham. It is enough to make the Tariff Reform prophet turn in his grave. The invoice is numbered A30284; is issued from the "Show Room, City of Birmingham Gas Department," and relates to the sale of gas mantles which carry on the boxes enclosing them the words "Made in Germany." At a time when everybody is crying out for British-made goods, the City Fathers of Brum. are foisting on its citizens Germhun-made mantles wherewith to lighten their darkness.

Our Recruiting System.

It is evident that in some particulars our recruiting system still leaves a great deal to be desired, official promises of improvement notwithstanding. Consider this extract from a letter just received by a Manchester firm from one of their staff who enlisted in the 8th Service Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers, stationed at Borden Camp, in Hampshire: "Well, I cannot say I am having a good time. I have been sleeping on bare floors since I joined the Army, and we are starved to death when we get up in the morning. The food is something awful; it is bread and dripping one day and jam the next, and the dinner has been the same every day, not fit to give to animals at times. We are going to France in February, when we hope we shall be treated a little better." Obviously there is rotten management somewhere. A recruit who expects a feather bed to sleep on is apt to be disappointed, but he has, at any rate, a right to demand decent food. By all accounts, he is well fed at the Front; never better, indeed. Why does not the commissariat at home look better after his little Mary while he is training?

Why De Wet can't do it Again.

It is not so very remarkable, when the whole truth is known, that De Wet is not able to evade General Botha's troops as he did those of Great Britain during the South African war. At the opening of the campaign our Government made a contract with a firm at the Cape for the supply of certain perishable stores, one partner remaining at the coast to carry on the business, while the other was actually an officer on the De Wet Commando. When supplies for the soldiers were ordered to be forwarded to a certain place by a given date, the information was at once transmitted to the member of the firm with De Wet—so that the latter had full knowledge of the plans for the movements of our troops. This state of affairs continued until Lord Kitchener arrived on the scene. He soon discovered the leakage, and cabled home that the contract must be cancelled at any cost.

Contrasts.

While the Kaiser, the Germhun Crown Prince, Prince Henry of Prussia, and other Germhun royalties are still members of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, flaunting their banners in the chapel of St. George at Windsor, the Governors of the Wycombe High School for Girls have deprived a child, born in England, of the free scholarship she has won, and given it to somebody else, on the ground that her father is a subject of the Kaiser, though resident in England for twenty years. That it should be right for the Kaiser and his Germhun brood to continue to possess all the honours of the Garter and at the same time be wrong for a little English child of Teutonic parentage to hold a school exhibition won by her talent, is scarcely a comparison creditable to British patriotism, dignity or justice.

Hope On, Hope Ever.

A wounded corporal of the Buffs writes us from the Royal Herbert Hospital, at Woolwich, to acquaint us with his gratitude for "the kindness extended to wounded soldiers in the hospital by local people." He explains that he got his wound in the district between the Buttock and the upper end of the Femur—which was laid in ruins. "I trust that if I get well again before the war ends," says he, "they will send me out again, if only to shatter the upper femur of the first Germhun who sticks his leg out of his earthworks." It is such a noble desire, that we earnestly request the doctor to do his utmost and his earliest to facilitate its accomplishment.

"John Bull" Xmas Number, on sale everywhere December 11.

A SHORT CUT TO "TIPPERARY."

THE QUICKEST WAY TO BERLIN AND BACK—THE MEANS REQUIRED AND HOW TO SECURE THEM.

It's a long way to Tipperary, we are told. On the face of it, the statement does not sound very convincing—the old Irish town being no more than 413 miles away from London. But, on investigation, we find that by the magic of the poet's touch, "Tipperary" has, of a sudden, become the synonym for Berlin—and it has already taken us upwards of three months to get about half way there. Wherefore it behoves us to discover a shorter route—a short cut to Berlin—and back. Yes, we must not forget the return journey, for, put whatever construction you like on Tommy's song, and there are many, "Home" is the common denominator of them all. The dreamland path leads back to Britain—by way of the Rhine. The "long, long way" round is the shortest way to "Tipperary"—and home.

And it is up to us to let Tommy have something of his vision when he comes back. Deep in his heart he feels that Britain is supremely worth fighting for, and it will be a scathing reproach to the nation if he is ever tempted to repent his patriotism. At the call of duty he has given his all, without thought of reward; for whatever the lying Huns may say, Tommy is no "mercenary." With the scale of pay and allowances in force last August, an army of mercenaries would have mutinied on the spot. The British soldier is paid—save the mark!—for fighting, but he does not fight for pay. He fights, in the good old phrase, "for England, Home, and Beauty"—and never stays to strike a bargain. He presents no demands upon our gratitude. And the ugly truth is that we have shamefully imposed upon his ungrudging devotion. We have accepted his sacrifice with condescension, and rewarded it with salvoes of shouting and a largess of beer. Tommy has all the blessedness which comes of expecting nothing, and in the idiom of our Allies, he "has reason." It is twelve years since we were at war; and in the interval, many a hero of the South African campaign has been "down and out"—with nobody to care a straw. The Army Reservist!—ah, yes, we give him capital letters now; but last year, and the year before, he was the same capital man. We knew we should want him some day, but we were not ashamed to let him await our convenience in the doss-house or the casual ward. To keep up his splendid stamina we fed him on eight-ounce rolls of sour, dry bread, washed down with discoloured water, and then turned up our noses at him, if bad beer "flew to his head." And soon he will be home once more, covered with scars and medals. Is it going to be the same again? Is *that* the way to "Tipperary"?

TOMMY'S MODEST DEMANDS.

We must settle down to the question—it affects every one of us—and get our answer ready in time. In a few months from now this ghastly business will be "all over bar shouting"; but

what about the time when the "shouting" is over, too? That is when the real test of our gratitude will come. And Tommy's requirements are so ridiculously modest that there ought not to be an instant's doubt of the nation's response. His "Tipperary" is such a homely ideal. He doesn't want to be acclaimed as a hero, or worshipped as an idol. As we have already pointed out, he hates "fuss" of any kind, and, between ourselves he doesn't care two flicks of a straw whether we doff our hats to him or not. He merely wants the common, necessary things which should surround a plain man who has done, and is ready still to do, his duty. He must have tobacco in his pipe, money in his pocket, and work to do. *Voila tout*—that's the lot! Is it beyond our combined powers? Assuredly no! But it is the very least we can do if "Tipperary" is ever to be more than a dream.

A POINT OF HONOUR.

Grip this principle. Make it a rule of conscience and a point of honour. No man who has borne his part on those grisly plains of slaughter shall ever want for food or shelter in the land that gave him birth. Every decent man guarantees this much to his horses and dogs. Can we do less for men who have stood between our homes and the onrush of the Kaiser's legions? These fellows are our saviours. They have tasted hell, in our stead. Is hunger and nakedness to be their final reward? Is "Tipperary" to be a land of famine, where women and children, the wives and bairns of heroes, want for bread? May we answer for Britain: In God's name, No!—does any man demur to that fervent negation?

Tommy fears neither man nor Hun, but he dreads the gaunt spectre of want. Fighting in France or Belgium, he will meet death with a smile, but to die of hunger in his native land is a tougher proposition. Hunger is a horrible, disgusting, down-dog sort of thing. In a land of plenty, no man, woman, or child should go hungry. It is not decent—not nearly as decent as nakedness. But it isn't so much short commons for himself that Tommy objects to. It is the hunger that haunts his home, robbing childhood of its bloom and womanhood of its grace. Shall we make a compact with this good fellow, while we are in the mood—say, at the latest, a New Year's promise? He has saved our women from outrage. Shall we save his from hunger? He has protected our children from nameless horrors. Shall we save his from want? Quite literally, he has saved our lives, our liberties, our businesses, our dearest possessions. Shall we help him to preserve the dignity of his manhood and the integrity of his home? Is it too much? Look to your consciences, and say, rather, a thousand times too little. But such as it is, we will do it. This is *our* job, and *we* will see it through; and when we have finished it, we shall still be up to our necks in debt.

But our consciences will be easier. So let us get to work. We must not wait till Tommy gets back—what we have to do is to hurry him home; to find the short cut.

THE SHORT CUT.

Wasn't it old Nelson who said "Only numbers can annihilate"? True, we have nearly half a million men at the front—but what is the good of that? True, we have over a million men now training at home. But what is the good of *that*—if we are going to get Tommy back soon? The experts tell us that this is to be a war of attrition—not a battle of the old type; and if we are speedily to drive the Huns back to their lair, we must throw the whole force of the British empire against them. Two million white men, and two million Indians, is what we want. They should all be ready early in the New Year. In the meantime, we and our allies can easily keep the enemy on the move by a series of artificial "retreats," whilst Russia is pouring its hosts into her Eastern territory—and *then straight to Berlin*. Of course, if the nation had listened to our warnings, and those of dear old "Bobs," such a force would have been available at the outbreak of the war—and *we should have been in Berlin now*, or, at any rate, in time for Tommy's Christmas dinner. And this is the way to do it. Never mind about the cause of the slackness in recruiting—we must give it a fillip, if necessary, by stringent and immediate action. There are nearly five million men in the United Kingdom between 18 and 35 years of age; and they will do to go on with. Let Lord Kitchener state the precise number he requires, and give a date by which he must have them in training; and unless by such date the full complement is secured, then the balance must be enlisted by means of a Conscription Ballot—and these chaps should be formed into a separate battalion, known by a distinctive title, in order that they may never be mistaken for the boys of the Voluntary Brigade. And, by Heaven! wouldn't we see that they earned their money! Don't tell us that such a plan is contrary to British tradition—it is *Business*. We cannot have our brave fellows at the front left in the lurch; they are fighting like heroes such as no poet has ever yet depicted—and we cannot stand on ceremony. After all, the whole common law of England, which goes back to the time of the Anglo-Saxons—considerably more than a thousand years—is based upon the duty of every Englishman to take up arms whenever called upon to defend his country. We therefore repeat that if the men required are not forthcoming on what the lawyers call the "appointed day," we must find them.

NO EXCUSES.

We will have no excuses. It is hard, of course, to be kept in the dark as to what is happening in the trenches. We love to read the story of the brave deeds of our brothers and their French comrades. But it is *war*—and we must be patient. We shall hear all about it later on. We know they are fighting like demons—and, at the same time, like worthy and gallant foemen; and that should be enough for the present. If you want to know more, you must go out and see it. The boys do not need to be told that we know and appreciate the daily and hourly sacrifices they are

making; that they are upholding worthily all the best traditions of our Army and our race—and that fervent prayers for God's blessing are ever on our lips. With that knowledge they, too, will be content—until the time shall come when, home with all the glory of victory upon them, they shall tell us with modest pride of the brave deeds they have done, and how, sure of our love and faith, they faced the guns and bayonets of the Huns with grim determination—fearless of death; asking themselves—"Who dies if England lives?" And if that is enough for them, why should *we* complain? Our part is to provide the soldier with every possible comfort *now*; to look after his dependents whilst he is away, and after his return; to assure him that in the event of his falling in the field neither wife nor children shall ever want—and *to see that he is properly backed up* till the fight is finished. For "Tipperary" means all that—not just something good, and warm, and clean, at the finish; something that can be bought with British gold, wrought by British wills, and given to Tommy in part payment of a mighty debt, and with apologies for owing the rest. For centuries we have drunk the good ale, and sung the brave songs of Britain, and now we are fighting, and "Tipperary" is a call to action *now*, as well as after the fight is over.

THE END IN SIGHT.

Given a prompt response, the war will be over in the Spring—and millions of money and thousands of precious lives will be saved. The very knowledge that, at last, we mean *Business*—backed up by the splendid work of the men already at the front, and now proceeding there—will spread consternation and dismay in the enemy's ranks. The German *knows* that man for man he is no match for the free-born Briton; he is less reliant, less "complete," less resourceful; it is only when he is "organised," and in bulk, that he feels any confidence in himself. This characteristic of "completeness" has always puzzled German students; and when a certain philosopher once cynically observed that there was such a thing as a "complete fool," Goethe replied, "Even that has its advantages; there is no halfness about it." And we must remember, too, that the Prussians are new comers into the European family of nations—and are hundreds of years behind the older civilisations of France and England. They have yet to develop individuality of character; at present they are merely crammed savages, automatic parts of a great military machine; and if they will not understand their right place in the scheme of things, we must emulate the yokel who, unable to convince his opponent in argument during a game of skittles, hit him furiously on the head with one of the clubs, and asked, "Now, will you listen to reason?"

It is time this slaughter were brought to an end. The Butcher of Berlin has made a shambles of the earth, and stands knee-deep in a sea of human blood—awaiting his doom at the hands of an infuriated humanity and the vengeance of an outraged God.

Yes, we must make a short cut to "Tipperary," and every healthy fellow between the ages we have mentioned must come and help us.

THE PARSON AND THE PEACE.**SADLER'S SAD SUMMARY OF OUR SINS.**

It is almost conclusive that if the majority of the clergy had their way we should lie down and let Germany jump on us. According to the Rev. G. T. Sadler, a Wimbledon minister, "England should have stood out of the War and advised France and Belgium also not to resist Germany. It is the judgment of God upon the nations for the sin of seeking to get or keep possession by the atrocity of war. The truest wisdom for England and the Allies is to learn this at once and to repent; to call a truce and see what can be arranged with Germany, now at once." As this rev. gentleman is an M.A. as well as an LL.B., it seems probable that a man can hold opinions of this brand without being either a German or a fool. Nevertheless, he really ought to put his head under the pump. What, we should like to know, would by all the probabilities have happened as a result of this war if we had kept out of it? Taking things nearest home, it is evident that the German hordes would not only have crushed and kept Belgium, but would have entered Paris, set their heels on France, and have been face to face with us on the Channel. No matter what the agreement or the understanding, any hour, any moment when she was ready again, Germany would have picked her ground of quarrel and menaced our national security with her fleet. If we had not gone into the War through Germhuny's attack on Belgium, whose neutrality she had solemnly contracted to protect and respect, it is evident that, sooner or later we should have had to go into the war for other reasons. Even if by the betrayal of national honour and the repudiation of high moral obligations we had kept out of it when we had allies with us, we should have had to fight Germhuny on her selected day with all the rest of Europe standing aside watching the progress of the struggle.

GERMHUNY CANDOOR.

Not many weeks ago we were reading in one of the French papers extracts from an article by Herr Maximilian Harden, a German publicist of European reputation. "Let us renounce our miserable attempts to excuse the action of Germany," he said in effect. "It is not against our desire that we have entered on this tremendous adventure. The war has not taken us by surprise; we have wished it; we have made it with the conviction that we are entitled to a greater place in the world and vaster outlets for our activities. There never has been a more legitimate war than that in which we have crushed Belgium, or one of greater blessing for the people conquered. *Puis vient la menace à l'Angleterre.* We shall remain in Belgium, and we shall add to it the little strip of territory which extends the coast towards Calais, when we shall voluntarily put an end to the war and leave you, the English, to your reflections." With the Germhuns at Flushing, Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais and probably Boulogne, the gospel of non-resistance would not appear so sweet and precious a thing to the Rev. G. T. Sadler and Englishmen of his peculiar thought as it does now. From Southampton and from Dover we should hear the feverish clang of German hammers on new engines of war invented for our destruction.

GERMHUNY'S "DAY" AND OUR "HOUR."

And we should have to build as Germhuny builded, ship after ship, and gun after gun, because she set the pace; millions of money following millions of money to combat her ambitions—implacably hated, constantly menaced, knowing that when she was ready she would attack, and that we should have to defend our homes with our lives. No, Germhuny toasted "The Day." Providence guided the wisdom of our statesmen to seize Our Hour, for to fight then was to fight alike for human justice and patriotic interest—for the sanctity of public law, for the liberty of defenceless peoples, for the honour and the prestige of our nation and our empire. For any British parson, or for that matter for any British man, "to call a truce and see what can be arranged with Germany now and at once" is to be an enemy of his country, and an enemy of liberty. Our peace must be the utter destruction of the Kaiser's means of making war. No more must the Fiend of Europe go to and fro in the world seeking whom he may devour. He must be crushed and he must be chained, or justice and honour and liberty will live awhile only to bleed to death.

ONLY A PAUPER.**HUMANISING THE "CASUAL."**

We ought proverbially to be thankful for small mercies, and therefore it must be with considerable satisfaction that the more humane section of the British public learned that the dietary in English casual wards had been slightly improved, and that dry bread and pure water as a menu for vagrants had been banished from such establishments. Still more satisfactory is it that the number of vagrants, after a month's experience of the more liberal feeding, appears, by the official returns, to be less than is usual at this time of year. Practically all provincial Boards of Guardians now supply casuals on their discharge with either $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread and 2 ozs. of cheese, or a voucher which enables them to obtain this on their way.

In London, however, the Metropolitan Asylums Board kicks out its vagrants these dark and cold mornings at 6 o'clock—two hours earlier than the Provincial authorities do—and then leaves them to the mercy of the world, without giving them, or their children, so much as a bit of dry bread to help them until they can reach another casual ward at night. And then the Metropolitan Asylums Board throws up its hands in holy horror if one of these poor devils is caught begging, and he gets promptly "run in"! Perhaps London magistrates, when they have begging prosecutions to adjudicate upon, will not overlook the kind and sympathetic action of the Asylums Board towards its casuals. Certainly it would be interesting to know what the members of the M.A.B. would do if they were penniless and foodless.

Talking about casual wards, one is sorely tempted to ask if the time has not arrived when the board beds and wood pillows to be found in many of them in England might well follow the dry bread and water diet on to the scrap heap of distasteful and unpleasant memories. Dry bread and water, and wood only for beds and pillows, has been far too frequently the lot of many a brave reservist who has either been called to lay down his life for his country or is fighting for it now. And it was with such treatment as this many of them were required to crack up 13 cwt. of stones per diem—not in wicked countries abroad, but in this saintly England of ours.

"THE DAY" AND KNECHT.**HILDEBRAND'S AGENTS' HAPPY THOUGHT.**

In our issue of September 26th we published a few remarks respecting Knecht and Co., of 31, Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C., "Sole Agents for Hildebrand's Chocolate," who had announced their intention to change their style to Knight and Co., and who stated in their circular letter: "Another of our men serves in the German army, and he will get his salary, if, as we hope, he should return to us after the war." We expressed the hope that Messrs. Knecht's, or Knight's, German employee would not return to them after the war, and ventured to advise Messrs. Knecht themselves to return to the country whence they came, so as to obviate the necessity of changing their name from German Knecht to British Knight. Our advice has not been adopted. Messrs. Knecht are still active, and are conducting their business under two names. We have before us one of their circular letters, dated November 17th, typed upon paper bearing the printed heading "Knecht and Co.," but signed "Knight and Co.," in which they beg to inform Dear Sir or Madam that they have secured the agencies for several Danish and Dutch Chocolate Manufacturers, and that their travellers will be calling upon Dear Sir or Madam as usual to submit samples. Messrs. Knecht's letter heading still states that they are agents for Hildebrand's chocolate, which, as all the world knows, is manufactured in Berlin, but omits to mention the names of the Danish and Dutch firms for whom they have in so surprisingly short a time become the English agents. In view of Messrs. Knecht's recent close connection with Germany, and the fact that one of their late employees is fighting against Great Britain (if he still survives), we think it is due to British chocolate-eaters to allay their reasonable suspicions by publishing reliable proof of these newly claimed Dutch and Danish connections.

Book your order now for our Great Christmas Number—it is simply great.

SCOTLAND YARD AWAKE.**FUNDS, FAKES AND COLLECTING CANS.**

Scotland Yard has at last spread its official fingers over various of the funds started in London by more or less unknown persons to help our distressed Allies—and others. The department has made exhaustive inquiries, and we are officially informed that further steps are being considered, so that we are encouraged to believe that what our soldier friends call a "sweeping movement" will soon be made.

The official view is that, in the excitement of the times, different persons, responsible to nobody, started funds and raked in considerable amounts of money. In order to back their appeals they obtained the approval of the Legations and turned the approval into *patronage*, which, of course, led the public to believe that all was well and that everything contributed found its way to the intended quarters, whilst there are a number of more or less shady trading concerns offering to give percentages of their receipts to patriotic purposes. What Scotland Yard does not like is the fact that no acknowledgments of the amounts received is made in the public Press. In addition there is considerable doubt as to the genuineness of the balance-sheets.

We had been engaged on this question of funds ourselves, and we confess that we are not free of serious doubts concerning several of the movements started to collect money. A small office in Piccadilly is the headquarters of the "Comité Officiel de Secours aux Victimes Belges de la Guerre." The official notepaper tells us that the hon. auditors are Messrs. Joslyne Miles and Co., "le délégué" is Mr. E. Hastings Pimbury, and the Secretary Mr. T. L. Bishop—"Cheques payable to A. S. E. Pimbury and crossed 'National Provincial Bank of England.'" One of our staff called at the office and asked for the names of the Committee—to be told with considerable emphasis that he could not have them, though he was assured that they were all well-known City men—which conveys nothing. The "Committee" have many ladies on the public highways with boxes, and have appealed for collectors in the country; whilst doubtless richer persons, charitably disposed, send cheques. We might point out to Mr. A. S. E. Pimbury that it is somewhat unusual in a case of this kind for cheques to be made out to the personal account of any one member of such a movement.

In these times every farthing collected from the charitable which is not distributed in relief to *bona-fide* sufferers, but goes either to officials in armchairs or collectors in the streets, is worse than thrown away—it is wickedly wasted. We would suggest to the authorities that no collector should be allowed upon the streets except for such funds as have been certified by official accountants to be properly conducted—the certificate being withheld in cases where the persons who get in the money keep for themselves a proportion of the amount.

'WARE, HIGGINS!**A TRICKY TOUT ON TOUR.**

A man representing himself to be a traveller for a firm called J. Higgins and Sons, of City Road, and Barbican, London, E.C., is now operating in some of the London suburbs, and his appearance either at the front or back door should be the signal for "unloosing" the dog. His *modus operandi* is to carry with him a few lengths of cheap dress material, which he will gladly sell for ready cash, undertaking to add to the parcel a pair of soiled blankets as a free gift. Housewives who are foolish enough to enter into a transaction with this hawker see him and their money no more, although he is careful to scribble particulars of the purchase on the back of the pink circular which he ostentatiously leaves in the hands of his victims. Both the City Road and Barbican have been searched in vain for the business premises of J. Higgins and Sons, who have omitted to provide the number of their address—which, too, is unknown at the local post office. We trust this notice will result in the tricky tout meeting with a warm and well-merited reception.

Only one more week to win a "Bullets" Turkey. Have a shot now.

A "RUM" GO.**MAIDSTONE MUGWUMPS AND MILITARY MORALS.**

It takes a good deal to disturb Tommy's temper, but there are limits to his capacity to "suffer fools gladly," and already the dolorous howl of the "temperance" fanatics is beginning to "get on his nerves." A wounded soldier writes:—

I was reading in the paper that a party had protested against the War Office sending rum out to the troops, so I wrote off a letter, and I send you the reply. Fighting as we do in wet and mud—sometimes lying soaked through in the wet trenches—the two tablespoonfuls of rum give us warmth and help us along. It is a real comfort.

The "party" in question was the Maidstone Band of Hope Union, who lately achieved a little cheap notoriety by passing some such resolution of protest. In the letter which our friend submits for our perusal the Secretary of this concern, a person sully the name of French, seeks to justify his cranky prejudices by reference to what he is pleased to call "the highest medical opinions." From a printed slip which accompanies the letter, it appears that these expert and eminent authorities include the saintly Kaiser and Count Von Haeseler, of the 16th German Army Corps, both of whom, it seems, are proud wearers of the blue ribbon. We do not propose to follow Mr. French into the mazes of medical contention—we could counter each of his authorities by another equally eminent—but it is to the general tone of his letter that we take strong exception. Accustomed to dominate juvenile assemblies, the writer seems to have lost the art of talking sanely to grown men. Assuming an odious air of moral superiority, he writes:—

We do not deny your contention that a tot of rum makes one feel better after taking it, after being in the wet trenches, etc., but our contention is that the after effects are bad, and that after it the vitality of the body is lower. I have sent you just a few notes on the subject which may be beneficial. I am sorry that you have been to the front and had to return wounded, and I hope that you may soon be able to be about again, and your wound heal well and you may be your usual self again. We are all delighted with the way our soldiers are acquiring themselves in France.

"That'll be ninepence," as an irreverent Tommy might observe. Was there ever a more offensive mixture? Let Tommy take no thought for the morrow as to what he shall eat or what he shall drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed. These things shall be decided for him, wisely and for his own good, not by Army Councils, Secretaries of State, War Office Committees, or any such pretenders to worldly wisdom—but by Mr. French and the Maidstone Band of Hope Union. Carefully avoiding contact with anything so earthy as "wet trenches, etc.," and preferring the pen to the sword, Messrs. French and Co. may be safely relied upon for military precepts of the best fireside brand. Note the superb magnanimity of their generous hearts. The letter proceeds:—

We do not wish to deprive any of our brave soldiers or sailors of anything that is good or beneficial. We are only too glad to do what we can for them.

Happily it isn't much, Tommy's rum allowance being luckily beyond their reach. The Maidstone Band of Hope Union may be "the right shop for morals," but it is, fortunately, a negligible factor in the formation of public opinion.

LIVERPOOL STREET LADIES.**HAVE LITTLE TIME TO TITIVATE THEMSELVES.**

We have a complaint from the employees in the Great Eastern Company's tea rooms at Liverpool Street Station, to which the proper authorities might give a little attention. Hitherto the rooms were opened at 9 a.m. on Sundays; but since a curtailment in the business hours in the lower buffet, the girls have had to turn in for duty at 8 a.m. Obviously this entails a hardship upon those waitresses who leave the place at midnight. Many of them live some distance away from Liverpool Street, and if it takes them an hour to get home, an hour to make a toilet suitable for the service, and an hour to come to the buffet in the morning, the girl who ceases work at midnight on Saturday gets only five hours for her rest and no time for recreation.

THE HUNS AROUND LONDON.**FINDING THE BEST AIR—IN THE BEST MILITARY POSITIONS.**

It is to be hoped that the authorities have made arrangements to apprehend all Germans who live at our salient points the moment the word "invasion" is seriously whispered. It is a noteworthy fact, as discovered by our Military Commissioner, that our Teuton guests have mostly located themselves in the very places that would be of the greatest military use to the Huns if they really did land, if they succeeded in marching from the coast, and if they set out for London. He has mapped the principal "danger zones" as follows:—Sydenham and district, Hampstead, Hendon and Harringay. From the heights of these places commanding views of London are obtained, and a few brigades of artillery placed on these spots would quickly devastate the city.

Why are these places so thickly populated by Germans? Is the air of the heights more suited to the lungs of the Hun than that of, say, the Thames Valley? We must keep clearly in our minds the lessons we learned during the sack of the Belgian towns. Germans who had for years enjoyed Belgian hospitality left and joined the Kaiser's troops, acting as guides. Germans had prepared concrete gun platforms, and had made everything ready for immediate operations when the troops arrived. Each Hun acted as a walking, human "Who's Who," and the commanding officers were not for a moment in doubt as to which of the inhabitants were anti-German.

We have around us in London hundreds and thousands of Germans who will treat us precisely in the same way if the Huns ever have the luck to cross the Channel. Have any of them in the vitally important artillery positions mentioned erected on concrete foundations light buildings that can be rapidly demolished, and are there any lawn tennis courts, for instance, laid out over similar foundations?

Up to date, Mr. McKenna has not impressed us with the belief that he is a Napoleon at his job, and it strikes us that he might abate his professional pride a bit and seek the assistance of somebody who knows more than he does of Germans and their ways, and who will have the pluck to suggest that if the heights of Sydenham, Harringay, Hendon and Hampstead were within 25 miles of Berlin no British subject would be allowed to reside on them for an hour. By clearing out all the German families we might inflict hardship here and there; but in our net we would have very many birds who are a danger to the realm and who would be of the greatest possible assistance to their semi-barbarian countrymen if they do land. Remember Rheims; remember Louvain; remember the sacked, battered and burned towns of Belgium. We want no snuffling sentimentalism concerning the vipers we are warming in our breast. Will McKenna act? Or, when the history of the war comes to be written, will the historian declare that, owing to the weakness of one official and to the mistaken tender-heartedness of the civilian population, the worst calamities befell London?

WAR HORSES.**A WORD FOR THE CAVALRYMAN'S COMPANION.**

The R.S.P.C.A. and other good folk have taken a keen interest in our sick and wounded horses at the front, and their action is in the highest degree meritorious. At the same time, their attention is needed nearer home. Anybody who visits the horse camps at Woolwich will see work there for a big squad of dressers, many of the animals showing signs of serious injury; and there are evidences of slackness in veterinary treatment. The horses commandeered are naturally unused to each other, and when they were picked up no questions, probably, were asked as to their vices. Hence things are somewhat mixed in the horse lines and hurts are common. In a time of pressure like the present, when our small Army Veterinary Department are hard put to it, here and in France, it might be a good move if we engaged the services of a body of civilians fit to look after and give first aid to our wounded horses. The need is great. Any horse gunner or cavalryman knows the result of not giving the closest attention to a wounded animal, however slight the hurt. Possibly the R.S.P.C.A. might exercise a rigid supervision over the poor creatures.

For the long evenings try "Bullets." 2,571 Prizes, value 1,175, this week.

UNTIMELY DIFFERENCE.**SMALL ARMS AND BIG PROFITS.**

There is a good deal of discontent among the clerks employed by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, whose operations are just now of vital importance to the nation. As far as we know, there is no risk of the trouble spreading to the factories, but it is obviously desirable, in the public interest, that it should be adjusted with all possible speed. It seems that at the outset of the war a dispute was actually in progress, and negotiations had taken place between the directors of the company and the National Union of Clerks, but at the beginning of August, in view of the state of public affairs, the whole matter was dropped by mutual consent. The men now insist that there was an implied agreement on the part of the company not to worsen the position of the clerks, or in any way to prejudice future negotiations during the progress of the war, and they suggest that this compact has not been loyally observed.

We have been at some pains to ascertain the facts, and we gather that after the first rush of Government orders, following the declaration of war, the company reopened hostilities by presenting something very like an ultimatum to the dissatisfied men. Each member of the staff was invited to express in writing his satisfaction or otherwise with the conditions of his employment. In the general depression resulting from the war it would have been hard for any of them to find employment elsewhere, while the state of public feeling would scarcely have permitted resort to defensive action upon normal trades union lines. In the altered conditions, it was hardly fair for the firm to insist, with the air of granting a concession, that there was "no need to wait till after the war to settle with employees," and matters were not improved when, a week later, nine of the clerks were summarily dismissed. It is said that four of these men had ten years' service to their credit, while another, by reason of a physical infirmity, was virtually debarred from employment elsewhere.

We are anxious to be fair to the company, gladly recognising their considerate treatment of Reservist and Territorial employees, and we remember their donation of £2,500 to the Birmingham Relief Fund. Charity, however, is no substitute for justice, and if a regrettable and untimely controversy is to be averted, the firm must advance some better excuse for its action than has yet been forthcoming. "The European crisis," though it has covered a multitude of sins on the part of other employers, will not fit the circumstance of the B.S.A. Company. From first to last the war will put thousands of pounds into their pockets, and with last year's "available profit" at £190,149, they can afford to be not merely just, but generous. At the last annual meeting the chairman declared that "the company had received sufficient Government orders at ordinary contract prices to keep the works running day and night." In the face of this statement, to plead the war as an excuse for dismissals is both indecent and absurd.

RIFLEMEN ROUSED.**"ROYALS" AND THE RECTOR'S ROOM.**

The soldier is a stickler for comfort, and at home he is looking for all he can get before tasting the trials of the trenches. The other day 44 riflemen were told that they were to be billeted at the Rectory, Amersham, and doubtless thought that they would find quarters under the parson's roof. The lodging was, however, over the stable. It was a large, whitewashed room, with no ceiling, and the men gazing up from their straw-stuffed bags lying on the floor had an excellent view of a vast expanse of slates, which they considered were not sufficient to keep out the keen sting of a frost that attacked them, although they were each covered with two excellent blankets. As a hardener in preparation for work at the front the place was well conceived; but after two days the martial tenants "bucked" and had themselves removed to snug billets in the village.

Over £50 per week for quarters and rations was the sum to be reaped by the parson, who, it is to be presumed, has now learned that if ever he has troops billeted upon him again it will not be amiss if heating arrangements and real mattresses and pillows are provided.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



• "BRAVO, TOMMY!" •

Field-Marshal French, with lavish hand,
Heaps his congratulations
Upon his men, whose glorious stand
Astounded all the nations.



• "AH, THE PITY OF IT!" •

Britannia, steadfast still, but filled
With deep and sad emotion,
Mourns her brave soldiers who were killed
By the Bulwark explosion.



THE KAISER'S CROSS •

'Tis said the Kaiser, in a rage,
The Cross from his son's breast tore,
Because where battles fiercely raged
He has not proved a Nestor.



• FINE FEATHERS •

If Lloyd George has some natural pride,
The last few weeks have fed it,
For, putting all mistakes aside,
He has preserved our credit.



• A MISFIT •

The Globe McKenna can defy
When it he would extinguish;
The task a foolish man will try
A wise man would relinquish.



• "BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN!" •

The hero of Dargai no more
Can leave the "call" unheeded,
With his famed pipes he goes to war,
Where Britain's best are needed.

GRAVE'S GRAVE GAMMON.

SOME POINTS THAT THE AUTHORITIES HAVE OVERLOOKED.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday last the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replying to Mr. King, denied the Foreign Office or Sir Edward Grey ever had dealings with the notorious German spy Arongard Karl Graves. Readers of Graves' book will remember his description of the secret meeting, behind the backs of our Allies, of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Churchill with the most astute diplomatists in the German service, for the purpose of altering portion of the map of Europe; and of the alleged interview in the Foreign Office with Sir Edward Grey—who was rude to him. Having giving Graves the lie direct, it is now for the Government to suppress his book, the bulk of which strikes the trained reader as being blatant boggy. Its publication should never have been allowed; and we may point out to those concerned in Downing Street that if any newspaper in London had published those statements concerning the meeting in the Taunus Forest and the disowned interview with Sir Edward Grey, the proprietor, editor, printer and publisher would have found themselves at Bow Street, and in grave danger of spending a portion of their lives looking through prison bars and eating nasty "hash," if indeed they escaped playing "she loves me, she loves me not" with hard pieces of oakum.

The "John Bull" pen coupon is on page ii. of cover.

THE SUP-PRESS BUREAU.

They'd been lying in the trenches
For nearly forty hours,
Their bones were sore and limbs a trifle stiff,
But when the order came
That attack was now the game
They were up and on their legs in half a jiff.
Like schoolboys set at large
They received the order "Charge,"
Rushed with bayonets fixed and firing as they ran,
And not until on top
Of the foemen did they stop,
When a hellish hand to hand combat began.

Tho' outnumbered two to one,
They flung themselves upon the Hun.
Alert to parry every thrust and cut,
With set lips, teeth tightly clenched,
They hewed and hacked and wrenched,
Fiercely using bayonet and rifle butt.
And so the work was done,
The German trenches had been won,
And our brave lads were victors in the fight,
And the news came home from France

"We made a slight advance—
In the Dixmude-Ypres region last night." J. K.

OH, OH, OXO!

"ALL BRITISH, YOU KNOW"—BUT!

Among the firms who have been most prominent in the papers lately by reason of the patriotic tone of their announcements is Oxo, Ltd., the manufacturers of the well-known meat extract, who have filled page after page of the leading publications with flamboyant advertisements of "Oxo in the Trenches," and in the forefront of the fight generally. This preparation, until after the outbreak of war, was the property of another undertaking, Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, and, despite the separation, the interests of the two concerns seem still to be mingled in a manner which it is very difficult to understand. Joint advertisements have been inserted in the press, in which statements alleged to have been made by competitors, to the effect that Liebig's and Oxo "are German companies, or have German directors, or that Oxo is a German article," are stigmatised as "absolutely untrue," it being emphatically asserted, in heavy type, that "Oxo, Ltd., and Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., Ltd., are both British concerns; neither Oxo nor any product of either company has ever been made in any shape or form in Germany." The final crusher, printed in yet more prominent characters, is the sentence: "Oxo is British."

Adopting the old adage as regards the priority which should be bestowed upon age, we will deal first with the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company—a concern possessing the enormous capital of £1,600,000. Since its formation the following gentlemen have acted as directors:—

Emanuel Boutcher, Charles Gunther, Baron de Mana, Otto Gunther, Felix Grisar, G. Scheibler, E. P. Grisar, R. L. Gunther, C. E. Gunther, M. G. Carr Glyn, A. Osterrieth, and Wilhelm von Mallinckrodt.

Surely this little collection is entitled to be added to Froude's list of "England's Forgotten Worthies," and tagged on to "the Joneses, the Smiths, the Davises and the Drakes"! Possibly the next advertisement will ask us to "take a cup (of Oxo) and drink it up, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne!" The last five constituted the board at the time of the outbreak of war, since when Mr. von Mallinckrodt has resigned, a Mr. Carlisle reigning in his stead. The place of birth of Mr. C. E. Gunther (the Chairman) is not mentioned in *Who's Who*, but his first wife was a German lady, and he was educated at Dulwich, Cologne and Liege.

The shares of the company are divided in a very peculiar way—nearly 2,000 shareholders, whose names appear upon the register, holding just over half the capital (£853,655), whilst the balance (£746,345) is held by persons whom it is impossible to trace, as the certificates are made out to "bearer," and may, therefore, be owned by anybody, living anywhere—possibly (as were many of the original shares) by our enemies, as after they have been issued the directors have little or no control over them.

It is doubtless strictly true that "neither Oxo nor any product of either company has ever been made in any shape or form in Germany," but those who read the advertisement issued by the company, apparently for distribution to Germans attending the Brussels Exhibition of 1910, will breathe a sigh of admiration at the skilfulness of whoever composed the quoted sentence. For, printed in German, it appeals to visitors from the Fatherland for their support principally on patriotic grounds. The following are a few passages, translated for British consumption:—

Liebig's Extract of Meat and its manufacture have always been subjected to the most careful control on the part of authorities of the highest rank in German science. This control was, at first, practised by Justus von Liebig himself, later by his son Hermann von Liebig, as well as by Professors Max von Pettenkofer and Carl von Voit. At present, Liebig's Extract of Meat is being controlled by the well-known and learned Privy Councillor of Medicine, Professor Dr. Max Rubner, of Berlin, and Chief Councillor of Medicine, Professor Dr. Max von Gruber, of Munich. It is only with their consent that the extracts received at the General Depot of the Liebig Company in Antwerp may be placed in the well-known stone jars and tins. Hardly has a half-century elapsed since German energy and vigilance commenced the manufacture of Liebig's Extract of Meat in far-off Rio de la Plata. . . . The company carries on operations, besides, on property in the ter-

ritory of German South-West Africa, of like enormous dimensions—a total of more than 1½ million acres of land—almost equal to the size of Saxony.

The possible explanation is that Privy Councillor of Medicine, Professor Dr. Max Rubner, of Berlin, and Chief Councillor of Medicine, Professor Dr. Max von Gruber, of Munich, who "at the present time" control the manufacture of the extract, exercise their—doubtless ceaseless—supervision by means of wireless telegraphy or thought transmission; such methods appeal to the "kultured."

Oxo is doubtless a very valuable property, and formed one of the principal assets—certainly the best known to the public—of the Liebig Company, for it is estimated that during the last dozen years no less than from one million to one and a-half million pounds have been spent in advertising it. The prominence which it has thus attained is, of course, an asset of enormous value, and this colossal goodwill has been handed over to a company called "Oxo, Limited"—incorporated six weeks after the declaration of war! The shares were not, as would probably be supposed, allotted *pro rata* between those who had owned the trade mark, but were divided amongst a small circle, mostly in large batches, the number of separate interests being but 21, although the paid-up capital is £300,000. The directorate is happily apportioned, two members (Lord Hawke and the Hon. F. H. A. E. Cochrane) representing Society, and Messrs. John Maltwood and William Neal Watson, the joint Managing Directors, representing the business element. Mr. and Mrs. Maltwood between them hold £20,500 worth of shares. We all know the saying that "there is money in advertising," but we had certainly no idea that the burden of wealth had also been borne by an advertising manager—for such until recently was the position of Mr. Maltwood, he acting in that capacity for Lemco and Oxo. Mr. William Neal Watson, the other Managing Director, is one of the partners of Messrs. C. E. and R. L. Gunther, the three also trading as Corneille David and Co., the present Advertising Agents for Oxo, besides being the sole directors of a company bearing the suggestive name of The Germania Estancia, Ltd.

"THE FEW, THE IMMORTAL NAMES."

With the exception of the customary nominees sponsoring the Oxo company, and of Lord Hawke (whose small shareholding was doubtless balanced by his big name), all the other shares are held in large blocks, ranging from 53,000 in the joint names of two "gentlemen," who give their addresses as at Glyn Mills's Bank, to 6,000 held by a publisher, also bearing the surname of Watson. Composite interests are the rule, such holdings clearly suggesting that those in whose name they stand, or some of them, are acting as trustees for somebody interested in the old Liebig company—especially when taken in conjunction with the amazing fact that there is no trace of a farthing ever having been paid for the right to use the name Oxo, nor, indeed, any mention that the name had hitherto been the property—and the valuable property—of another concern. Will Oxo, Limited, clear up the mystery?

The new Oxo company is a private concern, and is to be kept a very close corporation, no transfer of shares being registered without the previous consent in writing of all the directors for the time being. In the light of the patriotic declarations we have quoted, this may have been done with a view to seeing that nobody bearing a name of Teuton origin can sneak in to sully the fair pages of the company's all-British books.

By the way, should Oxo follow the example of its former proprietors, it will be a highly remunerative undertaking. We cannot say it is over-paying its hands. Several girls of from 15 to 18 years of age tell us that they have had to work hard sticking labels on bottles from 8 in the morning till 8 at night (Saturdays included)—but with an allowance of an hour for dinner and twenty minutes for tea, in order to get 7s. 9d. at the end of the week. And some of them are the sole or main supports of their families. The conditions under which these poor creatures live are terrible. We should be sorry to think that this state of things is another proof that "Oxo is British."

"John Bull" and "Mary Bull"—the only papers insuring absolutely FREE against air raids.

EMPTY THREATS.

THE WORDY WRATH OF A CYCLE FIRM.

As a sample of the business methods of Messrs. Hughes and Co., cycle manufacturers, of Windmill Street, Gravesend, a letter before us is by no means to our liking. It is addressed to a young girl whom they supplied with a bicycle upon credit terms, and runs:—

DEAR MADAM,—Repeated application having been made to you for balance due to us on Lady's Cycle, amount £4 5s., we must request you to remit this in full by return, or we shall immediately take legal proceedings to recover same without further notice, and also with obtaining goods on false pretences—which you must know it—as we have had no answer to any of our letters from your home at —, asking you for remittance. Hoping you will remit this to us and so save yourself and your people unnecessary trouble and expense—also exposure. This is final.—We remain, yours faithfully,

WINDMILL CYCLE COMPANY.

Upon their headed notepaper, Messrs. Hughes and Co. have not troubled to assume this picturesque title, and its present employment may perhaps be ascribed to the charm of anonymity. The firm are evidently seeking to improve upon the various stereotyped "frighteners" wherewith impatient creditors are wont to impress recalcitrant debtors with the majesty of law. We respectfully suggest, however, that their minatory effort goes a good deal beyond the bounds of propriety, and reveals a lack of discrimination which may some day cost them rather dear. Their talk of "obtaining goods on false pretences"—and so on—amounts in effect to a threat of criminal as distinct from civil proceedings, for which nothing revealed in this letter affords the least shadow of justification. In point of fact, we believe the transaction to have been a perfectly normal one, which the purchaser, through honest misfortune, had been unable to complete. If so, threats of "exposure" and reference to her "people" were obviously misplaced, and we regret that Messrs. Hughes and Co. should have descended to such bullying tactics.

CHARITY CHOKED.

CRANKY JUSTICES AT IPSWICH.

We regret to note that at Ipswich a praiseworthy, patriotic effort has been frustrated by what may perhaps be most charitably regarded as the stupidity of a section of the local Bench. In the early days of the war, Mr. Eugene Stafford, lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, Ipswich, announced that he would permit the free use of the building for any purpose of a charitable or patriotic nature. This generous offer was brought to the notice of Mr. J. C. Glenny, a local resident with wide theatrical experience, and it was ultimately arranged that a series of popular Sunday concerts should be held, and the proceeds devoted to the various funds for the relief of distress. At the first of these entertainments Mr. Glenny and other accomplished artistes rendered gratuitous service, their efforts being warmly appreciated by a crowded audience. No charge for admission was made, patrons being invited to contribute to the Mayor's Distress Fund.

Trouble was brewing, however, and shortly after the first concert there was an ominous hint of magisterial interference. For the holding of the concerts it was apparently necessary to procure a music licence, a technical requirement which, in their eager enthusiasm, the promoters had overlooked. In strictness, a fine had already been incurred in respect of the first unlicensed entertainment, but, by the good offices of a friend at Court, this penalty was averted. Pending formal application to the Bench, a temporary music licence seems to have been obtained, and once more things went merrily as a marriage bell.

Not for long, however. Upon Mr. Eugene Stafford's application for a continued licence, the worthy object of the concerts was fully explained to the Bench, but it apparently failed to rouse their sympathies. Judging from local Press reports, the Justices could find no better plea for withholding the licence than that they "could not see their way" to grant it. This defect of vision can only be ascribed to the blinding effect of Sabbatarian fanaticism. Not only do the magistrates appear to have mislaid their commonsense, but they have evidently forgotten their duty to the community.

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S)
against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, free of any cost, protection not only in regard to life and limb but also against damage to the home. There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. All you have to do is to carry with you the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—after signing it, with name and address—and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in and upon you. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, December 9th, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, December 10th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that JOHN BULL is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named:—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the

age of 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
In the event of direct damage to Home or Contents, up to	£100

We shall not trouble about any question of "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of injury to any one person, or in respect of damage to any one home—nor more than a total of £10,000 paid.

We pay the Government Stamp Duty, and we pay the premium to Lloyd's. You should fill up a similar coupon for each member of your family, and if you do not require the additional copies of our journal send them to friends abroad, or to soldiers in hospital or camp—they will be very glad to have them.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers resident in the United Kingdom—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians or Turks, though "naturalised."

"JOHN BULL" AND "MARY BULL"—THE ONLY PAPERS INSURING AGAINST LOSS OF HOME, LIMB AND LIFE.

THE DEUTSCHER DETECTIVE'S DOOM.

WHY ALIEN "WRONG 'UNS" LOVE THE BRITISH LAW.

From time to time we have published exposures of a man calling himself Brown, and purporting to practise as a private detective or inquiry agent at 13, New Oxford Street. His business iniquities—one can hardly call them methods—must be so familiar to our readers that it is superfluous to go into any further details with regard to them, but followers of his tricks will be interested to learn, the latest news regarding him.

After our first disclosures he issued a writ against us, claiming damages for libel; but, in spite of his strenuous endeavours to prevent us, we, in the public interest, proceeded in our exposures even whilst his action was pending. Our solicitors made every possible endeavour to hurry the trial forward, but Brown used every conceivable shift to delay the hearing. He later on issued another writ in respect to our second exposure, and after a great deal of bother the two actions were consolidated.

It will be remembered that we stated that his real name was either Burger or Berger, and that he was a German, though he has variously described himself as a Scotchman, an Irishman, an American and an Englishman. His pronounced accent, however, easily gave him away—and now he has been arrested as an unregistered alien enemy and interned at one of the concentration camps. He was, apparently, when arrested, in the possession of a truncheon, a revolver and a number of cartridges.

A LEGAL LESSON.

Our reason for returning to the matter is not primarily to justify our own exposures of the man many months ago, but to point out some of the stupidities of the English legal system. It is a principle of our law that a defendant in an action is entitled to have his costs secured in certain contingencies, the principal one being that the plaintiff is a foreigner and has no goods in this country which could be seized to pay costs. Having this in mind, we instructed our solicitors to endeavour to obtain such security. The application was made by them in the early part of the proceedings, and failed *because, forsooth, Brown stated (though, it afterwards appeared, without truth) he had taken a house at Holland Park under a three years' tenancy agreement!* Even if true, it was not a tangible asset.

Some little time later our solicitors learned that Brown had left the house, and, on our instructions, renewed the application to the Court for security of costs. Again the effort was unsuccessful, because Brown stated that *he had a tenancy agreement for his offices at 13, New Oxford Street.*

After a great deal of trouble and the expenditure of a considerable sum in costs, we ultimately managed to obtain an order, however, whereby Brown was compelled to amend his writ and set the action down for trial again. Although he took the first of these steps, he did not proceed with the matter, presumably because at the time when he should have been doing so he was under arrest. Hearing of the fact, we once more instructed our solicitors to apply for security of costs. It will be surprising, we feel sure, to the public to learn that, although the man was interned as an alien enemy, our application was actually opposed by counsel on his behalf. It is perhaps even more surprising that, although we succeeded on the application, the learned Master in his wisdom—knowing as he did, from the documents before him, the whole of the facts—actually directed the plaintiff to lodge in Court the magnificent sum of £10 as security for our costs—and this, after two actions had been brought, consolidated and set down for trial! He also must have known perfectly well, from the facts before him, the enormous amount of expense to which we had had to go, of the two previous applications for security—as well as that we had pleaded justification, giving very lengthy particulars of such plea. He knew, above all, that Brown had been arrested as an unregistered German enemy, carrying weapons.

However, Brown did not pay the money into Court, and as a consequence the action has now been finally dismissed.

Perhaps the Government will tell us how we are to recover our expenses from this Deutscher dud detective.

Against Skycraft—Free insurance for the whole family and the Home. See Page 11.

BAULKED BENEVOLENCE.

A MORAL OASIS IN FLEET STREET.

When last we noticed Mr. S. P. Thorne, who has a typewriting business on the second floor of 190, Fleet Street, E.C., and another at 64, Basinghall Street, E.C., it was in connection with a neatly contrived scheme for relieving patriotically disposed persons of their surplus cash. Our article seems to have "queered the pitch" of these pseudo-flag-waggers, and if Mr. Thorne was ever actually concerned in the shilling-subscription enterprise, he now appears to have returned to the path of ordinary business. We gather that he is no mere hack typist at so much a "thousand," or a folio, but a master of the craft, who, for a settled consideration, will impart its mysteries to aspiring beginners. Even in the humdrum affairs of his calling, a flavour of "philanthropy" attaches to his methods, and in all that he says and does there is a hint of fatherly benevolence which goes straight to the heart. Thus he will, of his charity, take a girl, as it were from the cold street, instal her in the cosy shelter of his office, and teach her the rudiments of shorthand, typewriting, and office routine, upon no other condition than that the pupil shall make herself generally useful to him for a period of eight months without fee or reward. In the reckless sweep of his bounty, the good man will go further and do more. "After the said eight months' tuition"—we quote from a letter to a correspondent—he will "commence her at a progressive salary of 12s. 6d. per week," and "should she be worth more she will be paid more." Obviously, no man could "say fairer."

The agreement repays perusal. Its wording is stiffly legal, for it is the modest humour of this high-minded benefactor to cloak his generous deeds in some such formal garb. Here, then, are the terms upon which, after a trifling payment of three guineas, a young lady may be "taken in" at 190, Fleet Street:—

After four months' tuition, exclusive of absence from business for holidays, illness, etc., the said S. P. Thorne agrees to start the said daughter at a salary of 10s. to 12s. 6d. per week or, at his option, to pay her such salary until he shall procure her a situation at an equivalent remuneration.

The sequel may scarcely be credited. Despite the unremitting attentions of the said S. P. Thorne, the said daughter acquired no proficiency in the arts of typewriting and shorthand, though upon the "generally useful" side of the business she seems to have given her patron undiluted satisfaction. Three months from the date of the agreement, Mr. Thorne wrote that, in his skilled judgment, "the young lady in question would never make a shorthand typist," and in the light of this sad circumstance he proposed to cancel the contract, returning part of the fee. The witching offer was spurned, but the said S. P. Thorne is gifted with an elfin ingenuity not readily baulked. On the 4th of September last the said daughter received a salaried appointment "in accordance with arrangement," and a week's notice to quit it—in accordance with the common law of the land. Lack of space precludes comment upon the episode, and we must leave the reader to draw the moral suited to his fancy. Meanwhile, as public annalist, we may be permitted to reflect upon the mocking irony of circumstance which, at times, assimilates pure altruism to the likeness of vulgar greed.

SHEAD'S SHORT SHERIFT.

ANOTHER BAD BOY "JOHN BULL" HAS BAGGED.

Our friend "Walter Shead," whose stunt we exposed last week, had the honour of being entertained at the Mansion House the other day (Police Court department), and immediately after an interesting interview was taken away in a state coach to live at the public expense for six months. In addition to literature designed to catch "gulls," the police found in one of his offices a grey wig and a false moustache, suggesting that he had a weakness for changing his appearance as well as his name, which, by the way, is, during his hours of honesty, Edward Frank Bodenham. We must put him on our list of bad boys we have bagged.

MONEY NEVER COMMANDED BETTER VALUE

SOMERVILLE'S

Scotch

The finest that
Scotland can
produce.

Whisky

As supplied to the House of Lords, the Treasury and other Government Offices.

Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices.

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces. Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? Packing Free. Special Terms for large orders. The Guaranteed Age is given with every bottle.

Carriage paid to your railway station.

POST FREE.

GUARANTEED AGES.	12 BOTTLES.	6 BOTTLES.	3 BOTTLES.
21 Years Old	66/-	33/6	17/-
15 Years Old	58/-	29/6	15/-
10 Years Old	48/-	24/6	12/6
6 Years Old	42/-	21/6	11/-
4 Years Old	36/-	18/6	9/6

Fill up this Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

**YOU RUN NO RISK—
OUR GUARANTEE KEEPS YOU SAFE.**

Established
1826.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value.....for which please send me.....of your
Specially selected Fully Guaranteed Years old Scotch Whisky
on condition that if it is not the finest I have ever tasted at the price I shall be
entitled to have my money refunded.

NAME

ADDRESS

"J.B." 5/15/14.

SOMERVILLE'S "ABBOT" RUM PUNCH 38/- PER DOZ. (Carriage Paid)
SOMERVILLE'S PURE WEST INDIAN LIME JUICE CORDIAL 12/- PER DOZ. (Carriage Paid)



After Influenza!

Hall's Wine, by invigorating and strengthening the respiratory powers and the entire body's resistive force, effectively wards off Influenza, Colds, etc.

It is also invaluable in shortening convalescence after attack, restoring health and strength in the most wonderful way.

"As a pick-me-up after Influenza," writes a Doctor, "Hall's Wine has no equal." Another Doctor writes, "I find Hall's Wine most efficacious in cases of Influenza." (Original letter on file.)

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle within fourteen days and we will refund your entire outlay.

Large size, 1/6; smaller size, 2/-.

Of Wine
Merchants, Licensed Grocers &c.
STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD.,
21, N. LONDON.



Sword Cutlers to
H.M. the King

WILKINSON

SWORD STEEL RAZORS

THE SECRET OF A GOOD RAZOR IS IN THE STEEL.

Wilkinson's razors are made by expert workmen from "SWORD STEEL." Hardened and Tempered by special process.

Wilkinson's "PALL MALL" Strong Beard Safety (new patent) 10/6 has a keen, stiff edge. Many safety razors now being sold are useless for strong beards. Wilkinson's Razors retain their keen edge much longer than any other so-called "best" razor on the market.

Obtained of all Stores,
Cutlers, Hairdressers, etc.

**INSIST ON HAVING A WILKINSON
SWORD STEEL RAZOR AND YOUR
SHAVING TROUBLES ARE OVER.**

"IT'S THE STEEL
THAT DOES IT."

Wilkinson's make all
kinds of Razors—

ORDINARY, 2/6,
and 3/6.

SAFETY and the THIN
BLADE SAFETY, 10/6
to 21/-.

WILKINSON SWORD
CO., LTD., 53, PALL
MALL, LONDON, S.W.
FACTORY, ACTON, W.



SEND FOR LIST

MATE—IT'S UP TO YOU!

A BREAD AND BUTTER WAR—WILL THE WORKERS LEAVE THE MIDDLE CLASSES IN THE LURCH?

BY W. HOLT-WHITE.

Those among you who, thanks to the narrow strip of sea which divides you from Hell, can sit down to your Christmas dinner in peace, had best put to yourselves the question whether you are likely to enjoy your Christmas pudding next year.

If you look for Christmas pudding in the future you will certainly have to fight for it. If you do not, you need not expect it. Of a certainty you will not deserve it.

It is time that Democracy understood that if you clear away high falutin phrases, such as "the sanctity of little States," and the like, the bald fact stands out that this is a working man's war. It is a fight to secure for the working classes of this country the wherewithal to buy their daily bread.

Our statesmen have been so busy expounding the lofty ethics of the war that they have failed to explain the fundamental cause. And the fundamental cause is the Belly-need of the People.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE WAR.

Anyone, too, who fosters the delusion that this war is the result of the personal ambitions or lunacy of the Kaiser is guilty of a crime against his country.

That is a delusion which creates false hopes by deceiving the people as to the determination of the German nation as a whole. They know, even better than we do, that they are fighting for their existence, and they will fight accordingly.

The war became a probability almost immediately after France had been humbled by Germany in 1870. Not only did Bismarck blunder, but he misread the future. He did not foresee that the enjoyment of a peace which she had not known for centuries would result in a united Germany acquiring an almost unmanageable birth rate. Nor did he foresee the industrial era.

The population of Germany increased by leaps and bounds. To-day the births exceed the deaths by a million a year. The multiplication of German industries resulted in over-production and unemployment.

To relieve the pressure it was necessary to find fresh markets. Germany looked round too late; she discovered that the world had already been divided up.

She might, of course, have allowed her people to emigrate, but pride of race forbade that. In every German who went over-seas she saw a soldier lost. She decided on the policy of retaining them and preparing for the day when she would be strong enough to take what was not hers.

It was Britain who barred the way; Britain who must be pulled down. She coveted Britain's dominions. She had pressing need of Britain's trade to feed the millions she kept at home.

The climax came when Austria tried to bully Serbia for the murder of the Archduke. Her move on Serbia was but a cloak to cover the stealthy march of Germany on the Near East. Her goal was India, the stronghold of our trade. Russia stretched out a mightier arm to protect her brother Slav, and the war began.

Britain stepped in to the defence of the neutrality of Belgium. But let us not take too great a credit for high ideals. Upon the neutrality of Belgium depended whether millions in the United Kingdom ate or starved.

With Germany in Belgium, her naval and her military bases at our very doors, would have dawned that Day when she "struck her blow right at England's heart."

Then might have toppled down all that fabric on which the lives of the workers rest; and a starving mob would have learned too late that there is bound up with the right to eat the obligation of bearing arms.

THE MAN WHO "HAS NO STAKE."

There is a class of man in this country who refuses to strike a blow because he says that he has no stake in the State. He refuses to bear arms because he argues that if the Germans came they cannot take the roof from over his head or the clothes from his back. He has a fatuous idea, born of Socialist teaching, that the Germans would be compelled to provide him with sufficient work to enable him to live. That ignorance may be born of folly, for he is certainly a fool. He need not imagine that the despoilers of Belgium will have any ruth. There will be no homes for Britons, or clothes or food, until every German has had his fill. In any case, he would have to fight with a German jacket on his back and a German helmet on his head, unless he preferred to die—which is unlikely in a man of such a breed.

Therefore, every worker who shirks now betrays not only his country, but his own particular class. In this great war for our national bread and butter every worker who hangs back prolongs the agony in other workers' homes. Every worker who says that he has no stake in the country denies the right of other workers to live.

There can be no security in either life or work until there is peace, and peace of our making. Defeat means worse than death. The man who yaps about the right to live and will not fight for the State which guarantees his bread, earns but the right to starve.

WHERE ARE THE WORKERS?

I do not say that many workers have not gone to the war. They have. I do not say that 90 per cent. of the reservists would not have volunteered. No man who has borne arms is such a cur as to leave the saving of his home to others. But I do say that in Kitchener's Army the working man, especially the young working man, is not there in the numbers he ought to be.

Kitchener's Army is out of all proportion an "upper" class and a middle class army. It is the aristocrat and the clerk who are preparing to bear the brunt of this war.

And one thing is quite certain. We shall win this war if we have to fight on till the "upper" classes are practically wiped out and the great middle classes are decimated. And those working men who could fight to-day, and will not, will have cause to remember the hour of that Army's return.

They will be war-worn and bitter. All the more bitter because of the lack of support the workers have given them in the country's hour of need. The "upper" classes and the middle classes and the workers who have fought for the salvation of the Empire and secured for the working classes in general the wherewithal to live, will have only cold and angry scorn for those who left them in the lurch.

If the "upper" classes and the middle classes have to see the war through, they will be stern enough and unbending enough at the close of the campaign. They will be bound in fraternity with the men who fought beside them, but they will turn a deaf ear to the multitude of shirkers who wish to enjoy the fruits which other men have earned. They will have given enough. And they will be ugly men to coerce.

Now for our great £1,000 Football prize. Final coupon this week.

The Danger Zone

Those whose diet is deficient in body-building powers are living in the danger zone and fall to the first attacks of chills, colds and influenza.

Unless you nourish the body the body will fail as surely as an army cut off from its base of supply.

Bovril

just makes all the difference between your being nourished and your not being nourished by your food.

Bovril is the one unique food the body-building powers of which have been proved by independent scientific investigation to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

It must be **Bovril**

S.H.B.

THIS offer is for YOUR Home.

Send 8/6 NOW and a Splendid Home Billiard Table will be despatched to your home. You have no worry, no trouble.

You are allowed a Week's Free Trial in order to test the table—Write to-night.



"Yes—always at home now we have got our Riley Home Billiard Table."

Thousands of people are occupying their minds at the present time with the problem of how to provide entertainment and amusement for the dark and depressing nights of winter. And more especially is this so in the homes where there is a growing family. Indoor amusements are much more in demand this winter, especially with Christmas looming in the near future—as, for many obvious reasons, Christmas will be a home celebration. Solve the problem now—and make it

BILLIARDS IN THE HOME.

For this winter, and for many winters to come, your home will be bright and cheerful—and Billiards at home in the Riley way is so economical that the cost is never felt on your exchequer—in fact, thousands can testify that it is an investment the returns from which cannot be gauged.

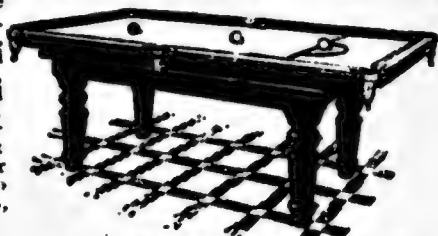
Admittedly there are few finer indoor games than Billiards. Billiards has interest for both players and spectators. It calls for the exercise of skill, patience, and self-control, it excites real live enthusiasm, and its fascination grows more intense with practice and the acquirement of efficiency.

ANYONE—EITHER SEX—MAY LEARN

to play Billiards reasonably well with a little continuous practice. Age is no bar, sex is no bar, young or old, men or women, boys and girls, each and every one may become easily proficient, and while away many happy hours with the cues. Nor need anyone think that Billiards at home is impossible for them because they have no very large rooms. You do not need a full-size table to enjoy a game of Billiards.

MINIATURE TABLE—8/6 DOWN.

Riley's of Accrington for the trifling sum of 8s. 6d. down, and 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d. will deliver carriage paid within one mile of nearest railway station (at their own risk) a Miniature Billiard Table measuring 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. cash price £3 3s. 6d. This is a very popular size, and will fit any ordinary sized room, yet it is so perfectly proportioned that any player can enjoy a good game upon it. (But suppose for some reason or other you are not satisfied with your table after seven days' trial, all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed



FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU.

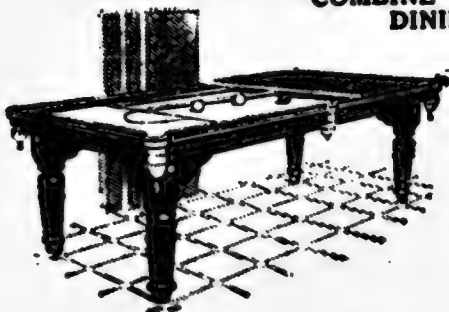
Showing Riley Miniature Billiard Table resting on dining-table.

Of course, no one ever does send back their table. As a matter of fact, once the table is in the house and the younger members of the family have seen it (and the elders have enjoyed a game upon it)—well, it becomes firm and lasting, that's all.

Do not delay. Send a P.O. for 8s. 6d. for first payment, and your table (6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.) will be despatched with all accessories within seven days. There is no carriage for you to pay, no trouble, no bother, and the second payment not due for another month.

In addition to their Miniature Tables, Riley's have another table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE.



Showing Riley "Combine" table, and easy method of change.

Really a magnificent piece of furniture as a dining table, which by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action is quickly converted into a first-class billiard table. Prices are from £13 10s. to £32, according to size. This size can also be secured on easy payments, spread over 12 or 18 months.

FREE on receipt of post-card, full detailed illustrated catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full sized tables and sundries.

Send to-day to:—

E. J. RILEY, Crescent Works, ACCRINGTON.

London Address—147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To Admiral von Tirpitz, Secretary of State for the German Navy, Berlin.

EXCELLENCY,—Though I cannot be certain where exactly you are now located, I dare say this will find you. Permit me to assure you that the Allies have taken adequate note of the circumstances attending the loss of the French refugee ship, *Amiral Ganteaume*. Those circumstances constitute still another infamy for which sooner or later Germany will be called to account. Only a devil could have conceived and carried out the idea of torpedoing a defenceless passenger vessel, filled with non-combatant refugees. It was not an operation of civilised warfare; it was a diabolical act of soulless savagery and fiendish frightfulness without recorded parallel in the battle annals of the sea. As sure as night follows day, so surely does retribution follow such atrocities as these. Even now I can see the hour of judgment rising on the borders of your country; ere it passes, Germany will lie at the feet of the un pitying gods, helpless and broken.

JOHN BULL.

To Philip Snowden, Esq., M.P., "Labour" Party, House of Commons.

DEAR PHIL,—From recent reported statements made by you, I note you were so distressed at the wickedness of a United States editor attributing to you pro-German sentiments that you invoked the aid of the British Consul to bring him to justice. It is not by any means clear to me why you should have made so much fuss about the matter. If I had been in your shoes I should have said nothing about it, for nobody on this side knew or cared what you were doing or saying in America. Besides, your sentiments are well known, and the fact of your denying them does not impress me at all. Unless you have changed your opinions for the temporary convenience of your public status, you still believe that the Army and Navy do not exist for the protection of the working classes, and that they would be as well off under a Germhun Government after the ravages of war as they are under our own. It is inconceivable that the working classes, especially the working classes of Blackburn whom you are supposed to represent, should agree with you. They know the Army and Navy protects them as they protect you, and they also know that but for that Army and that Navy the Germhun legions would be establishing among them Germhun Government by fire and sword; by rapine, spoliation, rape and murder. If you doubt me, go to Blackburn and ask them.

JOHN BULL.

To Frank Briant, Esq., Chairman, Board of Guardians, Lambeth.

DEAR SIR,—Having attracted to themselves the notice of Parliament, Press, and Populace by their recent resolution to deprive the youngsters in their Poor Law Schools of breakfast eggs on Christmas morning, "in order that the children might realise the gravity of the national crisis," I cannot pretend to express surprise that the Guardians have awakened to find themselves famous. From the remarks of one of your members, I gather that, though the Schools Committee did wish to educate these pauper children in the horrors of war by cutting their communications with the egg department on Christmas morning, the real reason for the action of the Board is that fresh eggs are threepence each and that the children like sausage just as well. It would profit nobody at all were I to question or criticise this explanation. As I believe you have received five offers, all accepted, to supply the children with the eggs in relief of the rates, I shall merely venture to express the hope that your distinguished colleagues will refrain from inflicting the gory lessons of war on the adult inmates of the workhouse by revoking their Christmas pudding or cutting off their Christmas beer—for I think I may venture to assure you, without fear of divulging the military strategy of the Allies, that the international problems arising out of the war will be settled by neither eggs nor sausage, pudding nor beer.

JOHN BULL.

To Canon Deedes, Southwark Diocesan Conference, London.

REV. SIR,—It is very characteristic of professional pietists all through this war that the Southwark Diocesan Conference, at your instigation, should have passed a resolution "expressing regret that the State should sanction the administration of the soldiers and sailors funds without safeguarding the distinction between married wives and unmarried dependents." The only real man among you—the only man with a skinful of humanity, if I may put it that way—appears to have been Archdeacon Escreet. All shame to you; all honour to him. I suppose that you would leave unmarried wives and their children to starve in the gutter or seek the shelter of the workhouse, while the men who have honourably maintained them are offering their lives in the bloody sacrifices of war? To my mind such an attitude would be an unconscionable violation of Christian ethics and patriotic justice. A State which calls up for its battles men-in-arms has no right to penalise their dependents because their unconventional relations do not meet with the approval of Messrs. Deedes, Chadband and Stiggins. All that the State is concerned with is the extent of their need while the breadwinners are serving beneath the Flag. This, I am glad to say, is what the State has realised; so that the resolution of regret passed by the Southwark Diocesan Conference serves no other purpose than to unmask the flagrant uncharity of its reverend supporters.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Since writing, I find the resolution has the approval of the Kaiser's friend, the Archbishop of York. "I cannot tell you," he informed a Pontefract audience, "how much I feel the slight put on the good married wives of our soldiers" by giving separation allowances to "these women." His Holiness has "sacred personal memories" of the Kaiser, so his approval will interest you.

To the Chairman, Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, 12, Downing Street, London, S.W.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Though I confess I have a rather poor opinion of the Recruiting Appeal issued over the undecipherable names of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law, as an expression of literary art seeking to touch the emotions, I did not intend to say anything in criticism of your excellent intentions. Here, however, in the recruiting leaflet "Who Said 'Enough'?" which you are distributing in Scotland, I find you are making a mess of it again, for the whole Land o' Cakes from Dunnet Head to Wigtown Bay is rising in its wrath to demand that I should ask you what the Burns you mean by employing the term "English" in it. You cannot commit a deadlier outrage on the Scot than by excluding him from the family tree. As a guarantee of good faith, he doesn't mind being either a Briton or a Scot, but he won't be English at any price; no, not even for as much as saxpence. Repent ye, therefore, gentlemen, or assuredly you will scotch the recruiting in Scotland.

JOHN BULL.

To the Editor, "Evening News."

SIR,—In your issue of Thursday last you have a story written home by a lieutenant of Hussars at the front. In the course of it he says of the Germans:—"One fellow was jolly brave. I saw him carrying back a wounded man on his back, and it made a very good target. Though we didn't succeed in hitting him he had to drop his man." In another column is a story of our heroes who have won the V.C. for conspicuous gallantry; one paragraph reads: "At Le Cateau on August 26th he carried a wounded man out of the trenches under heavy fire and later assisted to drive a gun out of action by taking the place of a driver who had been wounded." Now, if a German performs an act that would win the Victoria Cross for one of our boys, I do not want to fire on him. It is not British, and I should like to know the name and regiment of the Hussar subaltern who made a target of the brave chap in question. We are not Huns.

JOHN BULL.

To J. M. Hogg, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

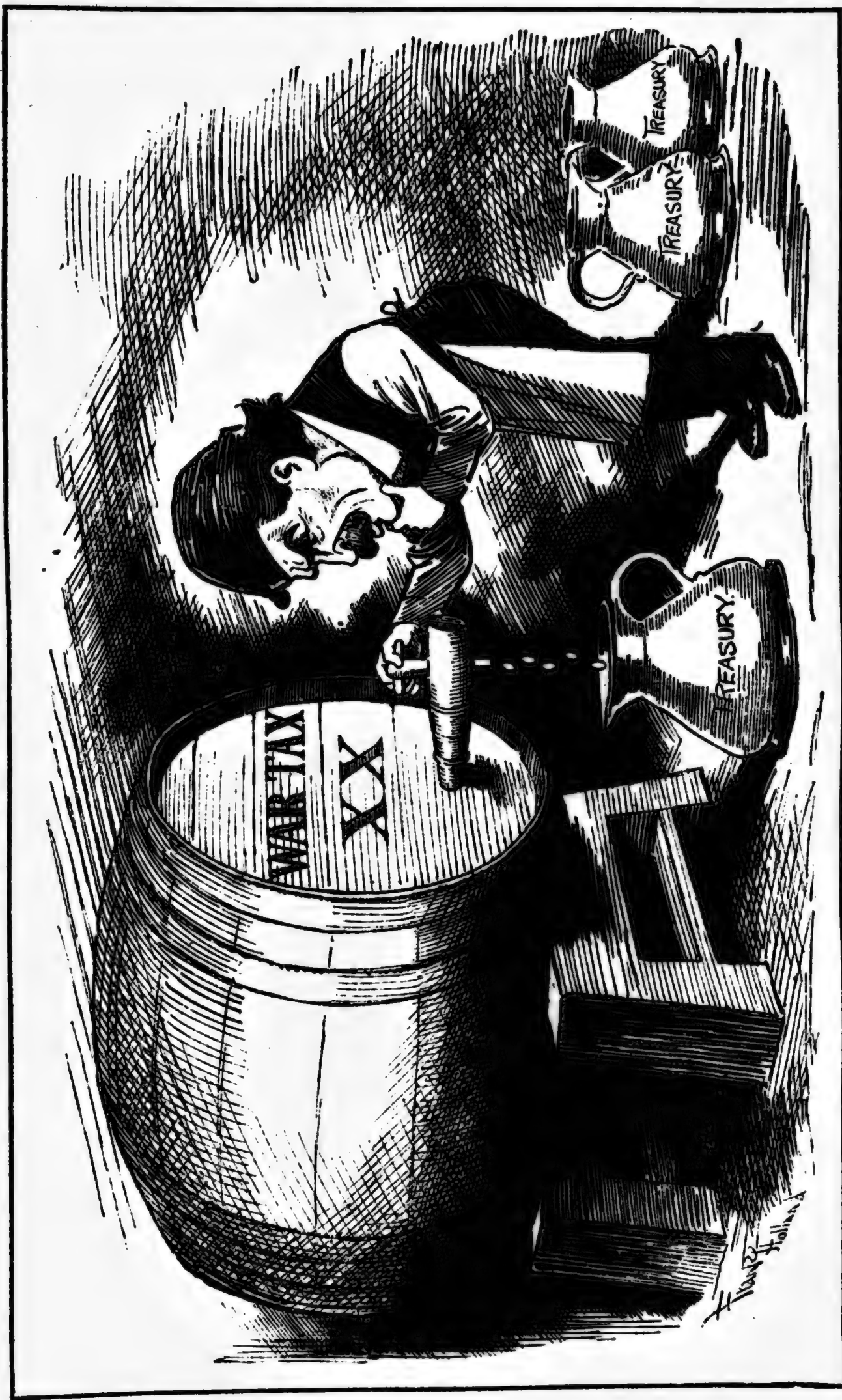
SIR,—What do you propose doing about your seat in Parliament now that a jury have declined to accept your sworn testimony on a question of fact? Surely the electors of East Edinburgh will have something to say.

JOHN BULL.

Send in your Football entries now. Final coupon this week.

"DROPPING OFF."

(Since the imposition of the War Tax, the consumption of beer has diminished amazingly.)



The cellar-man the vessel fills--
His spirits slowly sinking--

As he observes the luscious draught
SHRINKING, SHRINKING, SHRINKING!

WHERE ARE THE SCOTCH M.P.'S?

THE DEAD APATHY OF A HIGHLAND BOARD.

Turning for a moment from the appalling spectacle of war, we learn with dismay that, at this moment, a section of our fellow countrymen are being abandoned to disease and death through the callous ineptitude of a State department. For some years past the problem of adequate medical attendance in the inaccessible regions of the highlands and islands of Scotland has engaged the attention of the Government, but it appears that the problem is as far as ever from effective solution. The desperate urgency of the matter is emphasised in a letter recently addressed to us by a Ross-shire medical man, who gives us a glimpse of a tragedy, which he declares to be typical of many:—

A short time ago I was called to a confinement, the messenger having had to cycle eleven miles over hilly roads to reach me. I left at once and used the utmost despatch, only to find that the woman—a fine strong person, in the prime of life—had bled to death about an hour before I arrived. That made a most profound impression on me. It was a most unnecessary death, as hæmorrhage of this kind is easily controlled.

Upon inquiry, we learn that in 1912 a Committee, with Sir John Dewar, Bart., as Chairman, were authorised to investigate the conditions prevailing. Their Report, unlike most Blue Books, is full of human interest of the tragic sort. One or two extracts will indicate its general tenor:—

The greater part of the area under review is sparsely peopled. A considerable portion of the population is from twenty to thirty miles from the nearest doctor.

This amazing disclosure is closely followed by a statement by the Registrar-General for Scotland, who said:—

I happen to know of a case where a doctor was called from Oban to a shepherd's house, which was about twelve miles off. This was at night time in the winter. He went by road, but he could not get nearer than some two or three miles from the shepherd's house. He was caught in a snow-storm, lost his way, had to return, and then he guided back to the place by a shepherd. He arrived there in the middle of the night. I know other instances where doctors have sometimes to go to an illness not very far from Oban and where they have to cross a ferry, and then afterwards (there being no conveyance in the island) they have to walk three or four miles before they get to the house to which they have been called. These are cases which are very common in the Highlands.

We might multiply quotations to a similar effect, but a word must be said of the remedies proposed by the Committee. They recognised that the poverty of the inhabitants, mostly crofters and fishermen, was a material factor in the situation, and proposed that something in the nature of a State medical service should be established. Some scheme of gratuitous attendance was imperatively demanded, the bulk of the population being excluded by their circumstances from the provisions of the National Insurance Act. The Committee declared that "the use of motor locomotion would immensely increase and . . . in some places at least double the working capacity of the existing medical service," but reminded the Government that the doctors could not be expected to purchase motor cars out of their slender and precarious incomes. They further suggested that "a liberal extension of telephone communication in connection with the medical service would be a great public boon." There were many other recommendations of a highly useful character.

Upon receiving this practical report, the Government established the Highlands and Islands Medical Service Board, and allotted it a sum of £40,000 per annum for the purpose of applying the Committee's recommendations. We are assured, however, that little, if any, progress has been made, and our medical correspondent informs us that the Board "have frittered away their time visiting places and considering schemes, whilst people in the Highlands have been dying for want of proper medical attendance." His own modest requests for a motor-cycle and a telephone installation at his house have been ignored, although the Board had been informed that "the lack of these facilities had been the cause of deaths." For nearly two years this scandal has continued. Why has there been no effective protest on the part of Scottish members of Parliament?

FISHERS OF THE DEEP.

ARE FISHING COMPANIES SWEATING THEIR CREWS?

Two more Lowestoft fishing vessels with their crews must now be added to the long list of such losses since the outbreak of the war. The owners appear to have given up all hope of the trawler "Speculator," and it is surmised that the career of the "Lord Carnarvon" has also been cut short. All this emphasises the complaint of a North Sea fisherman, writing us from Billingsgate, that the British nation gives little or no thought or care to the hard lot of the men who fish the sea for our sustenance. Perhaps he had better be allowed to express his grievance in his own way. "I am writing to tell you," he says, "a few words about the fishermen of Billingsgate. They go to the North Sea, which you know is very dangerous because of the mines. They have to come through gales and fogs to catch their markets every morning. They get very little wages at all times and out of that they have to keep two homes, for they keep their own selves on board and their wives and little ones ashore. They go to the North Sea among the mines and get no more wages. If they ask for a rise they are turned out and a fresh crew is taken on from Hull, sent to London, and us left out in the cold with wives and children to starve. I think the captain and crew are served very badly. We have no sleep night or day, only about an hour at a time. The captain is worn out and numbed with cold on the bridge, and the sailors suffer as well. We are all glad to earn our living, but the Company will neither give us danger money nor insure our lives for those who depend on us. What would become of them if anything was to happen to us I do not know. We had to come through the mines this time, the Admiralty warning us of the dangerous roads we have to pass through. I wish somebody would take it up for us to get more wages. All other shipping in the London docks are getting double pay, but we are classed as nobodies, yet I pity the poor people of London if we brought no fish to market." We have hitherto believed that we know everybody's grievance under the sun, for grievances reach us from all lands in all languages from all sorts of people, but this is a grievance of quite an exceptional character. Surely the fishing trade is not one of the nation's sweated industries? The hint of it certainly comes to us as somewhat of a revelation. It is painful to think of empty stomachs being beneath the weather-worn oilskins of our hardy fishermen.

JOHN BULL, JUNIOR.

BRITISH BOTTLES FOR BRITISH BABIES.

E. Duncan Doring and Co., of 1, Gresham Street, London, E.C., were agents for Peters and Doring, glass manufacturers, of Hamburg, Germany. One of their special lines was two-ended feeding bottles. The outbreak of the war, with the resultant prohibition of trade with Germany, stopped the importation of these bottles from Germany, and Duncan Doring and Co. were forced to look around for some other source of supply. Judging from a letter of theirs which lies before us, they have succeeded in their quest. They say: "The writer begs to refer to his connection with you as agent for Peters and Doring, of Hamburg, and to inform you that he has this day completed arrangements in Holland for the supply of two-ended feeding bottles of Dutch manufacture. . . . We shall be glad to hear whether we can be favoured with your commands, as we can guarantee prompt delivery. P.S.—In the event of your ordering from us, will you please forward sample, as your original bottle is still in Germany."

This likes us not. In the first place, there is too strong a suggestion of close business, and even more intimate relations, between E. Duncan Doring and Co., of London, and Peters and Doring, of Hamburg. In the second place, why go to Holland for bottles which could be equally well manufactured in England? And, lastly, should it not at least be the privilege of British babies to be fed out of British bottles, when, unfortunately, their supply of natural nutriment is selfishly withheld, or runs dry?

Final coupon. Your knowledge of Football form may win you £1,000. See page 31.



IONA

SCOTCH WHISKY

Fully matured, mellowed with age, and free from all acidity, "IONA" at once appeals to the palate of those who appreciate the best in Scotch Whisky.

Blended with unusual care from the choicest spirits, "IONA" possesses an unequalled flavour, and will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with ordinary blends.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you.

Established 1820.
Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B.
M121

G. & J. MACLACHLAN Ltd., GLASGOW.

GRAVES

'DREADNOUGHT' OVERCOATS

are the finest examples of popular-priced Overcoat Perfection on offer. These handsome and stylish garments are made in an exceedingly comprehensive range of thoroughly fashionable and reliable materials of medium weight, and are cut, designed and tailored in West-end Style.

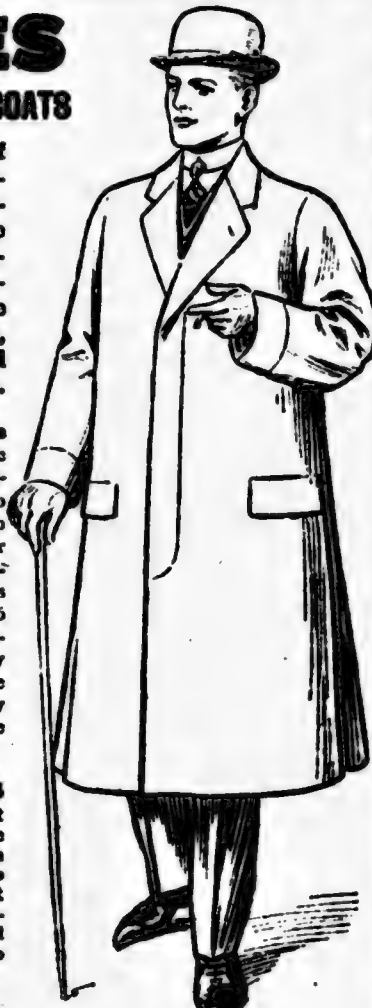
WE DELIVER the Graves 'Dreadnought' Overcoat (Double Breasted or Single Breasted as ordered), exactly to measure, carriage paid to all approved orders for 5/- Now. Balance payable in monthly payments of 5/- (5 for single breasted style, 6 for double breasted) if you are entirely satisfied with Style, Fit, Quality and Value of the Coat after you have tried it on in your home. Money instantly refunded in full if you are in any way disappointed.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

In your own interests send a Post Card to-day for our unequalled range of Patterns cut from the actual Cloth lengths now being made up into 'Dreadnought' Coats. All the most popular and stylish Cloths are included, and you have a splendid assortment of shades and designs to choose from.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



A TON OF COAL FOR 2/6

Scientist's Wonderful Discovery which Enables Everyone to Save Large Sums in Weekly Housekeeping.

Remarkable Offer to Enable Every Household to Test the Splendid Economic Advantages of "Seldonite," which halves the Season's Coal Bill.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical substance "Seldonite" (so named after the discoverer, Professor Seldon), which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of housekeeping counts, "Seldonite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

£5 SAVED DURING COAL FIRE SEASON.

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest, and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttleful of coal treated with "Seldonite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this is, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldonite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust, or soot.

No matter how small or large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldonite," and if you use, say, one ton of coals a month, you can save at least £5 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldonite" in their own homes, the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full-size 48. box (sufficient to treat one ton of coal, coke, or slack), with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (whilst this offer lasts) for only 10s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldonite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders.

Among the many distinguished users of "Seldonite" are:—

Earl of Dorset
Countess of Stafford
Marquis de la Granja
Earl of Londonderry
Bishop of Newcastle
Lady Watkiss
General Bechling
Sir J. Pender, Bart.
Lady Maclean
General Robinson
Lord Sydneyham
Lady Stanbury
Sir Wm. Clark
Hon. Mrs. Anderson
Lady Gwynneham
Countess Stanhope
Major-General Den
Lord Salisbury
Lady Louisa Walker
Sir G. Mackworth
Lady Warwick
Lady Bridport
Sir F. Macleod

Sir George Weahly
Hon. Cecil Parker
Viscount Valence
Lady Hutton
Sir Bertram Dawson
General Fagan
Lord Sinclair
Professor Slater
Hon. Mrs. Tremayne
Lady Strachey
Lady Franklin
General Ruggles
Lady Dawson
Count Winczarsky
General Warren
Sir G. Shaw
Sir Wm. G. Dunbar
Viscount Ellbank
Lady Stanford
General Lock
Sir R. Kennedy
General Carey
Professor Watts

"Seldonite" is easily used, and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, drawing-room, or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes. It is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use except that the fire burns consistently, warmly, cosily, and brightly without any attention.

To take advantage of the special offer made above, readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full-size 48. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, or Slack), or 10s. for five boxes, addressing their letters to

Seldonite Laboratories, Ltd.,

165, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

[ADVT.]

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but wherever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from £1 to £5, according to the circumstances of each case.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week:—

Cavalry Reservist, in receipt of 6d. a day pension, failing health owing to foreign service. At outbreak of war obliged to see doctor, who certified him suffering from consumption. War Office sent Military Medical Officer to examine him. Two days after, discharged from Service medically unfit—and pension stopped. He is single, living in Ireland with widowed mother. Another brother suffers from same complaint. A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary is endeavouring to raise a fund for the stricken family, and, through us, readers have done their share in the matter.

Married Reservist of the Guards rejoined Colours, leaving wife and two children; returned home wounded to find her in hospital and children with neighbours. Wife now home again, but requires extra nourishment—as also does wounded man. Separation allowance and Army pay insufficient for this; therefore have helped.

Another wounded soldier wrote from a Sheffield hospital to his wife, living some 150 miles away: "I should like you to come and see me if possible, because I am feeling very bad. I got hit in the leg, and it is giving me great pain." The poor woman, having herself and three children to keep on the bare separation allowance, could not possibly find the money for the journey, but we soon supplied it.

Young soldier, seriously wounded at Ypres, also wrote his mother to see him in a London hospital. She had to reply that she was unable to do so, because she had no clothes—but we soon provided what was necessary.

A Kitchener recruit left wife and two children, after being assured they would get immediate separation allowance. After ten weeks' endeavour by husband and wife to secure it, he was obliged to appeal to us—saying: "I think there is some very bad mismanagement somewhere, and by the time my wife gets her money perhaps it will be too late." We gave immediate relief, whilst a letter we sent to the authorities has resulted in the poor woman receiving the allowance.

Wife of one of the Naval Division interned in Holland, unable to get separation allowance, appealed for help; has one child and is in bad state of health. We assisted financially and wrote the authorities for her money.

Married man, with six children, on enlisting in August was advised to undergo small operation for varicose veins. Operation did not turn out well, but he is now expecting to go to front. As wife had great difficulty in obtaining separation allowance, was forced into debt and had to pawn wedding ring, clothing, etc. Our assistance was much appreciated.

Reservist was killed in the retreat from Mons. On going to the front he left an "unofficial" child, which had been deserted by its mother, with his parents in very poor circumstances. The youngster was badly in need of clothing—which we supplied.

Unofficial wife of Rifleman left in the deepest distress. Before enlistment the man was, with her, earning precarious livelihood at small music-halls. Have sent donation, which we hope will help the girl through her immediate trouble.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. S. (Blackpool), 1s.; M. D., 7d.; F. H. (Clapham), 1s.; E. B., 5s.; J. M., 2s.; "The Employees of C. W. (Limehouse)," 12s.; J. F., 1s.; "Colin Haydn," 1s.; A. F. J., 2s.; R. C. F., 1s.; H. B. H., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; A. W. S., 1s.; W. C., 1s.; W. S., 2s. 6d.; M. B., 1s.; "Reader and Admirer," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; M. D., 1s.; Officers and Engineers of s.s. *Wingate*, 10s.; W. J. P., 2s.; "Grateful P. D.," 5s.; M. A. B. (Liscard), 5s.; W. A. A., 1 dollar; "A Yorkshire Man," 1s.; "Gladiola," 5s.; G. B., 1s.; A. S., 10s.; A. Z., £1 1s.; G. E. W., 5 dollars; P., 5s.; "A First Time Winner," 1s.; L. & J., 15s.; "Tom," £2; "Truth-lover," 5s.; J. S., 6d.; "Ex-Corporal, D.C.L.I.," 1s.; J. G., 2s.; T. W. P. (Preston), 2s.; R. F. B., 3s.; A. P., 2s. 6d.; "Terrier," 1s.; N. L. B., 2s.; "Pickwick," 2s.; W. K., 10s.; "Surveyor," 5s.; "The Chatham Shipwrights' Mess" (per the Treasurer), 9s.; J. G. B. (Bodmin), 1s.; "A Policeman and his Mate," 6s.; V. M. A. (Belfast), 5s.; "Junip," 1s.; A. C. R., 1s.; W. T. S. (Derby), 1s.; W. M., 6d.; "Anonymous," 6d.; T. L. W., 1s. 1d.; W. O., 1s.; "Dispatch," 2s. 6d.; F. H. L., 1s.; A. W. H., 14s.; "Nurso M. F.," 5s.; "Square Principle," 1s.; "The Little Daughter of G. S.," 2s. 6d.; K. H. F. (Jersey), 10s.; Mrs. T., parcel; "Clean Sweep," parcel; J. P. G., 1s.; H. V. G., 7s.; A. D. W. (U.S.A.), £1; "Bulger," 1s.; G. W. W., 1s.; J. L., 5 dollars; B. D., 5s.; "The Employees of C. W. (Limehouse)," 10s. 6d.; "Sherwood," 2s. 6d.; J. R., 5s.; B. H. W. W., 1s.; Mrs. F. P. (Kidderminster), parcel; N. T., 2s. 6d.; J. R. T., 2s. 6d.; J. E. E. (Swansea), 1s.; Master Officers and crew of the Transport *Horden*, £1 15s.; C. A., 10s.; "West," £3; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; H. P., 1s.; "Three Orders," 3s. 3d.; G. O., 10s.; "Tr. F.," 6d.; G. K. J. (Wareham), 5s.; "Cork," 10s.; J. S. (Blackpool), 6d.; G. E. A., 2s.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; W. S., 1s.; "Officer's Wife," 1s.; C. B. M., 2s. 6d.; C. H. L., 1s.; "Vere," 1s. 6d.; K. F. (Crouch Hill), 2s. 6d.; J. L. C., 2s. 6d.

Mr. Thomas Watson, the winner of the first prize in our 110th "Bullets Competition," has kindly sent us £5.

We are indebted to Mlle. Renée Ryson, the famous little *ingenue comique* of Paris, for a parcel of beautifully knitted mufflers, which we have distributed amongst some of the boys at the front.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

THOUGH IN WAR TIME, DON'T FORGET THE GENERAL POOR.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. This year, of course, there have been heavy demands upon the public in connection with the distress occasioned by the war; but we must not forget the large army of silent sufferers who, although not directly affected by the pressure of the present crisis, are nevertheless in sore distress.

Our system has been to apply the gifts entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to obtain the food and fuel and to take them to their own homes.

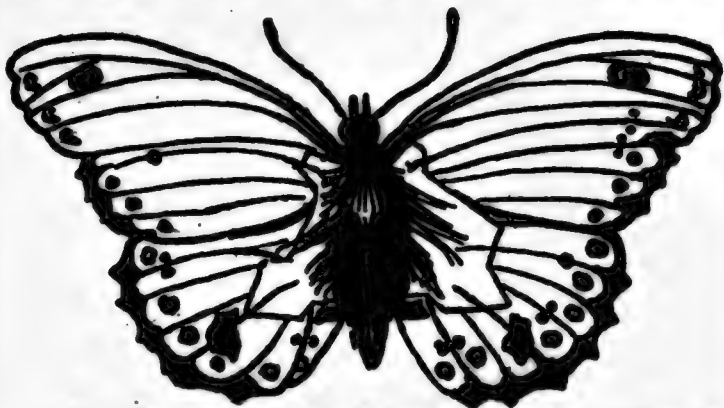
We also appeal for left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Gifts of money will also be gratefully received. These should be forwarded direct to our Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre, but all parcels of goods should be sent to our Central Depot, 149, Mare Street, N.E.

All donations, whether in money or kind, will be duly acknowledged in this column.

Don't forget—to take home a copy of "Mary Bull." Fridays, 1d.

MY ADVENTURES AS A SPY BY BADEN - POWELL



Sir Robert Baden-Powell, while operating as a spy in Germany and obtaining information about fortresses, sometimes posed as a butterfly hunter. He used to keep a small sketch-book and draw sketches of the insects he was supposed to have caught. This is one of them.

Certain of the veins and spots on the wings have a special meaning, and show the plan and armaments of a fort. The shape of the fort is shown, and the sizes and positions of the guns. Can you find them?

This is one of the many remarkable facts revealed in the series of articles which Sir Robert Baden-Powell starts in this week's

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

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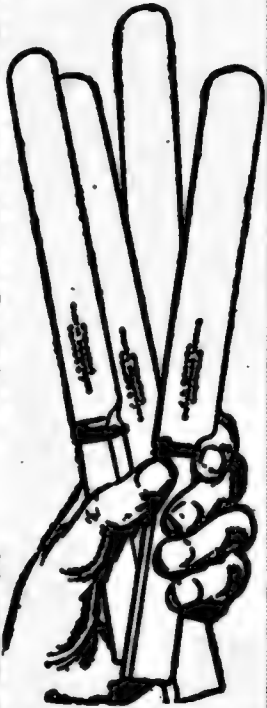
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HAVE you not some ambition, experience, ability?

Practically every man has talents in some direction or other. But the difficulty is to know how to develop your talents. You see men whom you know have no more ability than yourself, but who are occupying positions of responsibility and trust. Why?

How to Start.

To get a job like the illustration shows, you must do the same as every man who holds a good position has done. You must make a definite, determined effort to develop your abilities by *training*.

There is no better time to start than NOW. A great trade boom always follows a War. That means an enormous increase in the number of responsible positions to be filled. The Prime Minister has told us that the War will probably not be so long as is generally supposed. Therefore don't delay, but start **AT ONCE**.

Drop a post card NOW, mentioning the position you want to fill, for full particulars of the training the International Correspondence Schools can give you to qualify you for the position of your choice. Age, place of residence, and present occupation don't matter in the least. We can train YOU—as we have trained thousands of others—for a Secure Position and Good Pay.

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If you are able to enlist, you should be serving your country. If not, let this be your motto:—**IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE.**

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DIFFERING DOCTORS.**ANOTHER STUPID STATE DEPARTMENT.**

It seems that our recent allusion to the Post Office as "a muddle-headed as well as a many-headed beast" might be applied with equal aptitude to the Civil Service Commission. The reflection is suggested by a development of the Dalston episode to which we formerly referred as "A Civil Recruiting Scandal." Already this epithet has been more than justified, and we have much sympathy with the unhappy girl who, after obtaining a good situation by competitive examination, finds herself ruled out by the arbitrary fiat of a single Service doctor. It may be recalled that in an earlier article we reproduced a certificate of good health, signed by a private practitioner, who could find no trace of the disease alleged, though not specified, by the official medical examiner. We now learn that a second local doctor has joined his testimony to that of his colleague, both declaring that, after the most thorough examination, they find nothing in the girl's physical condition to warrant her exclusion from the Government service. Their certificates were recently submitted to the Commissioners, who, after some delay, graciously permitted the girl to be examined again by the same doctor who had previously rejected her. It is hard to imagine a more shiftless expedient. Medical men are not in the habit of stultifying their pronouncements in deference to the opinions of fellow practitioners, and although his second report has not been disclosed, it may be taken for granted that the medical officer has reiterated his former objections. From this dilemma there is no escape, except along the lines of our earlier suggestion, that "the disputed issue and others like it should be submitted to a medical committee and decided by a majority opinion." And it seems that the Commissioners have at length realised the force of this contention. They now propose that the candidate shall submit herself to a further examination by a Board of three physicians of their own choosing, but for some occult reason they insist that the medical officer whose report is to be reviewed, shall be a member of this board of appeal. This anomalous arrangement will hardly conduce to the impartiality of the inquiry, nor is it calculated to inspire confidence in the good faith of the proposal. Finally, the Commissioners have the audacity to demand from the candidate a sum of six guineas in respect of this further examination! Her father is a man of modest means, and having already incurred considerable expense in respect of the girl's candidature, he may find it difficult to afford this further charge. If a mistake has been made, it is hard that he should have to bear the whole cost of its rectification.

A NARROW ESCAPE.**"JOHN BULL" AS A MASCOT.**

We have received a most interesting souvenir from the front, in the shape of a shrapnel-torn copy of JOHN BULL, dated October 3rd. A notice of the Editor's recent Opera House speech has been neatly obliterated, while certain candid references to the Kaiser and his armed footpads have been removed with uncanny precision. The wrecked journal comes to us from Sergeant C. J. Webster, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and while it can scarcely be claimed that JOHN BULL has saved his life, we congratulate the gallant sergeant upon a lucky escape. He writes:—

I forward herewith a copy of JOHN BULL which may prove of interest. A German shell summoned up sufficient pluck to come along and burst fairly close. One of the bullets entered my cloak pocket, passed through JOHN BULL, and came out at the back of the cloak, and that was the sum total of the damage. It struck me as rather peculiar that out of the many odds and ends I had in my pocket, JOHN BULL should be the only item to be hit. What they have done to the paper they would doubtless like to do to us as a nation, but I think they realise by now that though "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," it's not far to Berlin. Please continue to be nice and rude to Kaiser Bill; we all enjoy and appreciate your articles. What a twisting he'd give you if he ever caught you!

While thanking our friend for his letter, we wish him the best of luck and a safe return, and beg him to convey our hearty greetings to the rest of the boys.



Give your boy

MECCANO**THE GREAT BRITISH TOY**

Nothing will delight him more than to make his own toys. He can build a strong new toy every day with the little Meccano strips of shining steel. Each is a real working model of some engineering masterpiece, which can be worked by hand or by a Meccano motor. The fun never flags. The interest in Meccano grows from day to day. It is the best hobby for boys. It is the Christmas gift all British boys are asking for.

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Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this advt. and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your 1s. with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our "Special No. 1," containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements.

This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

Clear Testimony to the Immense Value of our Wonderful System.

This from a pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

From a Composer: "I think it is, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Florrie can play splendidly and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you say."

The Originals of the above and thousands of similar testimonials can be seen at our London Offices at any time.

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SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

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One Gallon Ginger Wine
with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

REJECTED!

What can I do for Britain?
That's what I want to know!
I tried to join the fighting line,
But the doctor he said "No!
You're shorter than the standard."
Said I, "Why, that's all right—
There's less of me for them to see
(The Germans) in the fight!"

"Besides," went on the doctor,
"You haven't got the chest;
And none may go to fight the foe
Whose lungs are not the best."
"Oh, that be blowed!" I answered,
For I was keen to start;
"My chest, I'll own, ain't over grown,
But still, I've got the heart!"

"What's more," the doctor added,
Emitting sundry grunts,
"I see you squint when reading print—
You look two ways at once!"
"Well, that don't matter, does it?"
I answered, rather hot;
"A double aim will be my game—
Two Germhuns with one shot!"

"Then there's your teeth," said Sawbones,
"Some missing, some decayed;
The Army food would be no good
To you, I'm much afraid."
"Don't let that stop me, mister!"
I answered, filled with fear;
"If I can't eat, each time I meet
A Germ, I'll drink his beer!"

The doctor smiled: "I'm sorry
I cannot pass you through,
For like enough you're just the stuff
To dare, and die, or do!
But there are Regulations!"
I know—and I repine
That I am stuff not good enough
To fight the Germhun swine!

"RETLAW."

LIMEHOUSE LADY'S LAMENT.**DOCTORS DIFFER: INSURED MEMBERS STARVE.**

We are rather interested in the case of a Limehouse lady of 66, insured with the National Amalgamated Approved Society. For a number of years she was in an excellent situation, and early this year she became disabled, and much to her own regret and that of her mistress, had to resign, her employer's medical adviser certifying that she suffered from chronic rheumatic gout. She returned to her home at Limehouse, and reported to the National Amalgamated Society, with a view to obtaining her benefits. The Society's doctor called and certified the poor old creature to be fit for work. Another independent doctor has since backed up the first practitioner's diagnosis by certifying that the woman is suffering from chronic rheumatism and was unfit for labour—a fact that would strike any non-medical man who sees the patient, her hands being obviously almost crippled and her knees and legs practically out of action. The correspondence between the patient and the Society has lasted from January until now, the Secretary a short time ago sending her a printed form and saying that she may submit her case to the arbitration of a medical umpire, selected by herself or her medical adviser *from a list submitted by the Secretary or other duly authorised person.* Honestly, we do not like the look of the words we have italicised. Then before examination by the umpire the patient must deposit a sovereign that she has not got, which will, of course, be forfeited if the umpire endorses the opinion of his confrère in the Society's service. Have the National Amalgamated people many other members in the same boat as this poor Limehouse lady? She, it may be said, suffers from hunger as well as the agonies of rheumatism.

BRITISH AND BEST.

“**ERASMIC**
SHAVING STICK”

is used at the front
as well as at home.

BEWARE OF FOREIGN IMITATIONS.

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“ERASMIC” Perfumers WARRINGTON.

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Full Report of

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Journal.**

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ONE PENNY.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5'

The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

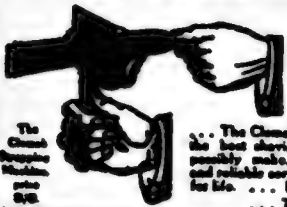


... Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—in beautiful finish. Look at the blade, feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

... Now put the CLEMAK A's by side with any other Safety Razor offered at a Guinea. You will then see for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razors—and costs you 10s. less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?

The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades.

The CLEMAK avoids all this.



The Clemak Shaver Model No. 1.

Why not let your COMFORT HOLD you free from shaving troubles?

... The barber is busy, so buy a Clemak and save yourself annoyance and waste of time.

... The Clemak Razor is undoubtedly the best shaving investment you can possibly make, and by its trustworthy and reliable service will prove a friend for life. ... Buy one to-day.

Includes a fine bone-like comb, combing you to sleep at the convenient night and morning. Ensures a smooth blade for every shave.

... The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Shaver is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 5s. 6d. and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

... The Clemak Razor is made in England, and is guaranteed to be the best shaving investment you can possibly make, and by its trustworthy and reliable service will prove a friend for life. ... Buy one to-day.

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c., named below the CLEMAK name.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5'

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Choose your covering from our samples (sent free), and then send 2s 6d only with your order. We send the Chair without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales for your approval, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense and we will refund your money in full.

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JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend—*candid* friend, you know."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"*Civis Hibernicus sum.*"

"Advance six paces and show yourself. I am not satisfied with your reply!"

"Advance? With pleasure. I am used to it. I am always advancing, professionally and artistically. Will that do?"

"Halt! What is your name?"

"I've always understood it to be George Bernard Shaw, but lately I have been called Bernardi Shaw and Bernard Jaw respectively—as well as disrespectfully."

"Ah! I know you. You recently published a pamphlet entitled *Commonsense About the War*."

"Yes. One of the best things I have ever done, don't you think?"

"One of the best things for the country, perhaps, because in it you disclose your traitorous sentiments; but, one of the worst things for yourself."

"How so? It's got me talked about, hasn't it? What more can a man of my temperament desire? Owing to the war I was in danger of being forgotten by the public. That would have been a catastrophe—for me. So I had to do something to create a sensation, and attract attention to my remarkable personality again."

"Are you of such importance?"

"To myself?—Yes; enormous. Everybody who could write was writing about the war; so, obedient to the first law of nature, I had to do the same."

"What about the preservation of your country—was that of less importance?"

"My country?—What exactly do you mean by that? I am an Irishman, you know, and Britain's failure or success in this war are matters of indifference to me. Consider me a foreigner."

"I consider you a traitor. Though, from the lowest of selfish motives, you felt impelled to write on the subject of the war, was it necessary for you to slander Britain and hold up her venomous adversary to admiration?"

"Certainly. If I had written a lot of the usual patriotic gush, my work would have escaped the attention it always deserves. So I had to strike a fresh note."

"Is your genius of such shoddy quality that besmirching the fair fame of Britain in the eyes of the world is the only activity it now is capable of? It is a filthy bird that befouls its own nest."

"Own nest? I'm an Irishman, I tell you."

"A pretty Irishman! There is not a decent Irishman breathing who would not turn from you in disgust. You are no better than the Irish scum who vent their insane hatred against England in the pages of the *Irish Volunteer* and other equally vile rags. What is more detestable than base ingratitude?"

"Ingratitude? What do you mean? That puzzles even me."

"If you are utterly devoid of the noble spirit of patriotism which brings English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish together in the trenches to fight for the honour and glory of the British Empire, and the safety of their loved ones and their homes, you might at least have shown a little respect and gratitude for the country whose too generous appreciation of your specious brilliance has provided you for years with the means to live. You are worse than the dog who mauls the hand that feeds it. You are worse, as Blatchford has told you, you are worse than Lance's dog."

"I have created a stir, so I am satisfied."

"You have created a stir. You have stirred British playgoers to swear to avoid your mountebank plays, and British readers to ban your bladder-rattling books."

"Well, I shall be sure of a German public, at any rate."

"What an exchange—British esteem for Germany's doubtful favour!—Guard, keep this man under arrest until we can devise some means of sending him across to his 'kultured' friends.—Now, sir—insidious foe to Britain, and Ireland's shame—'tion!—by the left—MARCH!"

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING** inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"**COCKNEY**"—There is no danger of our Zeppelin Insurance scheme being vitiated by a bomb striking the house of a reader, as our rule is that the coupon must be carried by the insured.

"**REG. READER**" (High Wycombe).—All traders who wish to be extra quick, start putting on the taxes immediately after the Budget speech proclaiming them. The tax is not, however, "legal" until the passing of the Budget resolutions.

E. G. G. (Birmingham) thinks we should send a member of our staff to give Kur Hardie a good thrashing. We must not take the law into our own feet.

E. F. G. (Southwark) asks, "Don't you think the tax on tea and beer ought to be knocked on the head?" Well, till we get a Bus. Gov. the Party politicians don't know of any other source.

J. C. (Hertford).—"Why not cocoa?" The official answer is, because a tax would not be worth collecting.

"**CHARITIES**" (Levenshulme).—The Government have not announced their intention to bring in a Bill next session for the confiscation of dormant trust moneys left for specific religious or charitable purposes, but we think they might very well do so. You tell us of a case where £250,000 is lying idle, and there must be many others.

J. B. W. (Oxford Street, W.).—We agree that everything necessary for our soldiers fighting at the front should be provided by the State. But we must not withhold our gifts, and thus inflict hardship and discomfort upon our troops, simply for the sake of a principle. Whatever we make for them and send to them is not charity, but our duty at such a crisis.

G. S. (Darlington).—We have no confidence in the "revelations" you received three years ago "from the higher plane spirits." We, and several others—notably Lord Roberts—prophesied this war years ago, but it was not revealed to us by "higher plane spirits," but by common sense.

E. G. (Ontario).—Many thanks for the ring—which has been added to our Jumble Sale list.

"**AN EDINBURGH SUBSCRIBER.**"—We have received from a hundred sources the suggestion that the individual you name was a German spy, and that instead of lying at the bottom of the deep blue sea, he is serving his country in the air. We think the idea is absurd. If he was a spy, he could have conveyed information to Germany without working up a faked death and disappearance.

"**JACK TAR**" (Stockport).—We think you may take it that all Board of Trade pilots' licences held by Germans in this country have been revoked. If not, the President of the Board of Trade certainly should hang.

"**JUSTITIA**" (Cardiff).—The fifteen million pounds which the Kaiser is said to have in the savings bank should keep him in moderate comfort during his impending exile on some island where the girls are few.

J. E. T. (East Finchley).—Since 1905 H.M. Secretaries of State for War have been, successively, Haldane, Seely, Asquith, and Kitchener—the right man in the right place at last.

C. W. (Bristol).—We think the Government should cancel all contracts with firms which continue to employ German labour in any capacity. We are fighting an unscrupulous, determined, and deadly foe, and more of his secret emissaries are in our midst than we yet realise.

MRS. SAKER, the wife of Lieutenant Frank Saker, 2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers, will be deeply grateful to any reader of JOHN BULL who may have news of him. He was reported as "wounded and taken prisoner" near Ypres on October 30th. We shall be pleased to forward any letters sent to our care.

"**ALBANY REFORM**" (S.E.), **I. L.** (S.E.) and **OTHERS.**—In the case of deposits in the National Penny Bank in the name of a Slate Club or other association totalling over £2 (of which individual members are entitled to less than that amount) the Liquidator is not entitled to, and will not, pay out more than 5s. in the £ on the full amount, and the Clubs must await further dividends in the same way as other depositors having claims above £2.

E. E. N. (W.), **L. A. E. L.** (W.), **Mrs. B.** (N.E.) and **OTHERS.**—We suppose inconvenience to National Penny Bank depositors in getting paid has been unavoidable, in view of their number, but we trust that you have managed to get your money by this time. Be careful with it now. There are many sharks about in search of "mugs."

"**DISGUSTED**" (Whitehaven).—Don't let the solicitors' letters worry you. You pay what you can, and you cannot do more. It is unthinkable that a judgment summons would be executed against two working girls in these hard times.

E. B. (Cambridge).—Between General Joffre and General French there is no question of giving and taking orders. They act in concert. At the same time, Joffre is in supreme command in the western theatre of the war.

H. H. F. (Walthamstow).—We investigated the rumour that a certain German Prince, connected with our Royal Family, and resident in this country, has warned his employees not to enlist else they would lose their positions, but we found the allegation to be untrue.

S. P. C. (Whaley Bridge).—The tribulations of the Special Constables of Whaley Bridge make moving reading. If they had been asked to guard the local brewery (if there be one) by two-hour night shifts their response might have been a little more enthusiastic than in the case of the reservoir. Nevertheless, we agree that in many cases the Special Constable, like the labourer, is worthy of his hire.

J. W. S. (New York).—We have managed to read the bulk of your balderdash. Judging by your pro-German sentiments your name, Smith, was originally Schmidt. If you possessed the "gump" of the average Yankee you would understand that when we say the destiny of the earth is in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, we include in that term the denizens of the U.S.A., 75 per cent. of whom (whether they like it or no) are of Anglo-Saxon origin. You may be "a close student of history," but your mental eyesight is obviously myopic.

STAFF-SERGEANT A. (At the Front).—Thanks very much. Noted. The best of the very best to you.

"**MAJOR**" (S.E.).—That bit of red ape is from a very old hank. Part of P.O. regulations.

"**PATRIOT**" (Eltham) says his son has been away on seven weeks' training, during which time his railway pass expired. When he returned home the company charged him 2s. fare. "This I call rotten; don't you?" he asks. Well, say too bad.

"**BUTCHER**" (Sodbergh) was greatly impressed on a recent Thursday on finding that every train he entered was full of passengers reading JOHN BULL. It would have been all the same had he travelled by bus or tram.

"**ANXIOUS CLARICE**" (London, N.) wants to know "whether the London Scottish wear any form of knickers or nothing at all under the kilt." Being anxious, Clarice should inquire of the London Scottish.

"**HAT**" (Heme Bay).—"How can a married man whose rent and rates amount to 10s. 6d. a week enlist and leave his wife to live on 2s. a week?" We don't know.

C. F. (Eastbourne).—So far as we know, Britain does not mine any of its harbours during peace.

"**BEN**" (Clapham).—Haven't the smallest objection to people being teetotal; in fact, we are almost teetotal ourselves. What we do object to is teetotalism pushed down other people's throats.

R. M. C. (Castlederg) wishes to know if a private soldier can gain the D.S.O. The answer is in the negative. It is an officer's decoration.

A. W. S. (Dunrossness).—Don't know anything about him, but there are, in the market, many substitutes "just as good" for German preparations whose formulae are well known, being in fact identical.

"**NOMAD**" (Bradford) sends us "an impression taken from a rubber stamp—My Motto: Business as Usual. Picture of a bulldog, selling at 6d. a time in Bradford to aid various charitable funds." Good idea! Good motto! Good dog!

Ready December 11th. "John Bull" Christmas Number. 2d. Better order it now.

- J. K. (Hospital, Woolwich).—Thank you. Best wishes for a good recovery.
- H. C. S. (Bradford).—The people would appear to be respectable. If, however, you send us your full name and address, we should be pleased to write you more fully as to the result of our inquiries. Meantime, your postal order for a shilling has been placed to our War Fund.
- R. A. O. B. (Llanelly).—Question previously ignored because neither name nor address disclosed. You must observe our rules. At the time of the Act of Union Ireland had Home Rule; that is to say, a Parliament of her own.
- MRS. EUSTACE MILES assumes the cudgels on behalf of her husband, and takes us to task for stating that he "seriously" recommended the "peelings of potatoes, carrots, apples, etc., for distribution amongst the poor"—his recipe, she states, being to make this waste into vegetable stock, in turn to be used as a basis for nourishing soup—"body" being given to it by such things as milled cheese, cooked beans, crusts, crumbs of bread, etc.
- "ONE OF THE NELSON LINE" confirms, in a long letter rather remote from the business of these strenuous days, the experience of "J.M." As a stoker of seven or eight years' service, he also has never seen a ship's boat launched at sea.
- "BUSINESS BULLITE" (Stockton-on-Tees).—The fact that Sir G. R. Askwith, K.C.B., is the trustee of its guarantee fund should give one confidence in the British Widows' Assurance Co., Ltd., but we are not greatly enamoured of the "insurance tea" scheme.
- H. D. D. (Islington).—Your poem "Tin Hat Bill," to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," does not strike us as lovely.
- HARRY SALISBURY (s.s. *Delphi*) is anxious to find his mother, who lived in Derby about five years ago. He was taken from her as a child and placed on a training ship.
- R. S. (Cheshire).—Criticisms of the Helping-Hand Stores appeared in our issues of October 10th and November 14th. Except in very exceptional circumstances, we cannot reply to our correspondents by post.
- "REX" (Bradford).—As we have already said in our general columns, the "Stylophen Co.," of 43, Theobald's Road, W.C., is a recrudescence of the Waterman Advertising Co. of notoriety, and works in the same old style oh.
- W. L. P. is asked to communicate with T. R. P., of Wellingboro', as his silence is causing anxiety these troublous times.
- Miss B. T. (Sheffield).—One might imagine from your letter that Williams and Lloyd, the "free" watch humbugs, were beginning to mend their business methods; but we fancy it was only your threat—and our frequent exposures—which in this instance brought them more or less "up to scratch."
- F. W. H. (Hulme).—We note you are one of the many unfortunate dupes of Berry and Gill, who ran the Alhambra Warehouse, Bradford, and kindred concerns, and whose affairs are now in the hands of the Official Receiver. We have repeatedly warned the public against these sharks, and if the Bradford Police had only acted on our hints and the complaints they were continually receiving, the number of victims to-day would have been several hundred less.
- P. J. O'C. (Omagh).—Neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives raised the soldiers' pay to 1s. 6d. per day. In the Infantry of the Line all "Tommy" gets is a "bob" a day for the first two years from date of enlistment. Only the Household Cavalry and R.E. Sappers get anything like eighteen-pence a day on joining.
- J. G. T. (Wisbech) would esteem it a favour if we could recommend him a good all-round Butcher, married or single. What about the Kaiser?
- A. T. (Bolton).—"In all the history's of this world, There never yet has been, Such barbarous atrocities, By human being's seen, But the Kaiser and his autocrats, For the cruelties they're doing, Our Tommy's allies and Colonies Will bring them all to ruin." We also have our hopes.
- J. H. H. (West Hampstead).—Hope you gave the Germans more than you got.
- J. G. H. (Hirst).—"Now Tommy need not be afraid, We will not him forget, Those fanatical t.t.'s have not Influenced us yet. The trenches may be cold and damp, his toes and fingers numb, He'll feel new life and vigour when He draws his tot of rum." Amen.
- "VENUS" (Weston-s.-Mare).—Unless you have something in writing, we are afraid you would stand a poor chance of recovering damages or even expenses from the firm which treated you so shabbily. Thanks for your donation to our War Relief Fund.
- Mr. H. C. Rich, of 198, Green Lanes, London, N., would be glad to hear from anybody who has paid money in advance for tours subsequently cancelled by the Viking Cruising Company, Ltd., with a view to discussing the circular offering us, in the £ and arriving at some mutual agreement as to their attitude towards the scheme.
- I. W. (Birmingham).—The fact that when you took up with the man you were a widow rather lessens your moral claim upon him for support. It is a somewhat sordid drama, in which we can take no part.
- "CONSTANT READER" (Portsmouth).—It was Jesse Collins, not Joseph Chamberlain, who first made use of what has since become a proverbial phrase, "Three Acres and a Cow." If the Germans get here we look more like getting six feet of earth and a kick.
- H. W. N. (Scilly Isles).—It is news to us that Lord Dundonald submitted to the War Office an "infallible" plan of warfare, which was too horrible to be put into practice. It is significant that the idea should emanate from your locality.
- H. C. S. (London, S.E.).—Army bandsmen keen on going to the front no doubt chafe at being kept at home merely to discourse sweet music, but you must remember that martial music is a fine recruiting agent, and for that reason you and the others may be of more value here than in the field. Take no notice of the graceless fools who gibe at your brilliant uniform, but continue to beat your drum or distend your cheeks with pride, knowing that you are doing your duty.
- G. G. D. (Southend-on-Sea).—"Belgium is most Hun-fortunate." True. But cheer up; it will soon be a case of *Deutschland unter Allies*.
- "BRITISHER" (Edgbaston).—It would be "interesting to know how many Germans are employed as police constables in England." If there be one, there be one too many.
- "THE TWO JACKS" (Texas).—Thanks for copy of *Houston Telegram*, and your breezy letter. Hope you are doing good business.
- Miss I. McM. (N. Shields).—In the course of your sweet poem, which, to our intense regret, we are unable to print, you say: "Many a soldier with heart heavy laden, has left at home a newly wed maiden." May we beg to remark that we *don't* think?
- "ONCE A SERGEANT."—So there are Germans at Chilworth, Surrey, and not a hundred miles from the gunpowder factory there! Someone ought to be blown up.
- H. V. B. (Brixton).—There is the London Waiters' Union, which may include Club employees; but we cannot say for certain.
- Miss E. H. (Westminster).—Electrolysis is really the only cure. Even so, it is expensive, and must be carried out by an expert.
- W. W. (Peel Green).—Your idea for a mine catcher, on the principle of a cow-catcher, should be submitted to the Admiralty.
- W. W. (New Westminster, B.C.).—We have never traduced Canada. We have spoken our mind about emigration agents who have lured emigrants across to your country when unemployment was at its height, and we shall do so again when necessary. That does not prevent our appreciating Canadian loyalty. If you kept your eyes open you would have seen that we have already had occasion to speak some strong words on behalf of the Canadian contingent.
- J. H. (Bristol).—If, like you, we had a wife with such a jaw that "she can whisper in her own earhole," we should enlist in Kitchener's Army without a moment's hesitation.
- "OLD CHIPPY" (Ancoats).—Your rhymed reply to the Prussian Baroness who called us "those English dogs" is almost good enough to print. Why not offer it to the *Manchester Guardian*?
- B. J. (West Hartlepool).—We note that at your local Palace you recently had "The Horrors of War, supplemented by first-class vaudeville artistes." That was piling on the agony with a vengeance!
- "A YORKSHIRE MAN."—We know nothing of the treatment to which you refer, and have placed your postal order for a shilling to our War Relief Fund, as you give no name and address for its return.
- A. B. C. (Liverpool).—We have now made inquiries into the subject of your complaint, and understand from the firm in question that they have put the whole of the factory workers and staff on full pay; whilst the sales staff get 75 per cent. of their original wages, those at £2 per week and under receiving the full amount.
- H. P. (Scarborough), a soldier serving with the colours at the outbreak of the war and still on duty, asks us whether, if he gets married now, his wife would be entitled to the separation allowance. Yes, providing he gets permission to marry from his Commanding Officer.
- "RUSSIAN-POLE" (Hammersmith, W.).—We agree that a person's name is not an infallible guide as to his nationality, but at a time like the present, when a people are fighting for their national existence, as we are, it is not surprising that names, even remotely suggestive of German origin, should excite suspicion. Strong in your loyalty, you will bear any little inconvenience that may arise with fortitude.

A feast of fun and jolly entertainment—"John Bull" Christmas Number. Out December 11th, 2d.

LAYS OF A LONELY LONDONER.

A BALLAD OF THE "ORTEGA."

The ship she was a British ship,
The Union Jack she flew;
She sailed the broad Pacific main,
And danced it through the blue.
Until a German cruiser came,
So big and full of brag:
Said Captain Sauerkraut, "Just heave to,
Haul down that British flag!"

The ship she was a steamer old,
Built but for peaceful trade;
The cruiser, mounting heavy guns,
Was armoured and new-made.
The ship she wasn't very fast,
'Bout fourteen knots an hour;
The German, doing twenty-one,
Had got her in his power.

At least that's what the German thought,
His smile was very broad;
He said, "Three hundred fighting men
Of France you have on board."
That's why I bid you strike your flag,
My pris'ners you must be;
And France and England, both at once,
Must bow to Germany."

That those three hundred Frenchmen were
Aboard the ship 'tis true;
But also, let it be explained,
So was a British crew.
Another little item that
The German quite forgot—
The ship she had a Britisher
As captain of the lot.

The captain, ordered to give in,
He answered, "Bless your eyes!
Before this ship surrenders, I'll
See you in paradise!"
The German's dignity was hurt,
He let some curses slip;
And then his guns they opened fire
To sink that trading ship.

The captain called for volunteers,
And said in happy tones,
"Out here those guns of his will send
Us all to Davy Jones;
But if, my men, you'll stoke the ship,
I'll hug the rocky shore,
And take the old *Ortega* where
No boat has been before."

They stripped and stoked, the ship's speed was
Whacked up to eighteen knots;
The German guns, so close behind,
Sent in a storm of shots.
And Sauerkraut cried, "That Englishman
Is crazy, I expect,
For if he makes for Nelson's Straits,
Mein Gott! he will be wrecked."

Slap in the Straits the captain steamed,
Shoals, reefs, rocks, snags were there;
No chart to guide him, yet he laughed,
"Now, follow if you dare!"
Cried Sauerkraut, "Yield! don't take the Straits,
It's death for all of you!"
The captain said, "So long, old chap,
This ship is going through!"

And through she went, where no ship sailed
Since first the world began;
With all her precious passengers
The boat to safety ran.
The German next time won't be half
So cocksure of his plan—
Not when a vessel's skippered by
A British sailorman!

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"ABERDEEN EVENING GAZETTE":—

"Britain's sugar supply—sufficient for EIGHT MOUTHS."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—

"The Germans place all their hopes on Zeppelins. I gather that about 35 to 40 Zeppelins are READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE and that about FIFTEEN ARE BUILT."

"DAILY CALL":—

"... The management not only overlooked the offence, but supplied him FREE with a fresh drink at THE OLD PRICE."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH" (advertisement):—

"We offer a gold nib fountain pen at the low price of HALF-A-CROWN. The usual price of the pen is 2s., and all agree that it is well worth THE LARGER SUM."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, a smart little Girl to ROLL OUT BABY and make herself useful in small house."

"CORNISH EVENING TIDINGS" (advertisement):—

"Penzance and the Scilly Islands—From Scilly to Penzance, on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 a.m. . . . AVERAGE PASSAGE, 3 to 4 YEARS."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—

"The City Police Band were in attendance, and DISCOVERED MUSIC throughout the afternoon."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—

"Fulham . . . 3. Luton . . . 1. Luton . . . enjoyed much more of the play in a first half which produced NINE goals."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN":—

"A battery of heavy artillery and a number of MACHINE GUNS were captured."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Is "Muddle as Usual" the War Office motto?
Is the Crown Prince now on the "retired" list?
Has your "Bullet" hit a turkey yet? See page 32.
Isn't "weigh in" the only "way out" of the War?
Is "All work and no play" really the better policy?
Hasn't Turkey fallen from the "Sublime" to the Ridiculous?
Do the authorities want us to take the darkest view of things?
Does the "silence" of the Press Bureau result in "golden" opinions?

Doesn't the importance of trenches show that "spades" are trumps?

Does the statement that Germany is "satisfied" mean that she has had enough?

Don't the Trade think Lloyd George should be fined for exceeding "the limit"?

Aren't the Germhuns beginning to realise why they are called the "Straits" of Dover?

There are 21,020 policemen in London. Where on earth do they all hide?

A regiment of the Allies has been christened the French Beans. From Belgium we may expect the Brussels Sprouts.

A French prisoner has been sentenced to six months' for laughing. Captives in Germany must "bear" it, but not "grin."

The Kaiser has conferred the Iron Cross on the director of the Wolff Bureau. Quite right, the "victories" are all his.

German snipers have been attacking at night in bare feet. Our men gave them "socks."

German officers, after December 1st, are to receive only 30 per cent. of their pay. Is the Kaiser beginning to realise what they are worth?

"John Bull" Xmas Number, on sale everywhere December 11.

Final Coupon. Send Your Entries Now.

£1,000

FREE SKILL CONTEST

**FOR ALL-CORRECT
FOOTBALL
COUPON.**

£125 MUST BE WON.

Now is the time to take advantage of this huge Football prize offer. The Final Coupon appears this week. For a correct forecast of all the matches given on the coupon we shall pay the huge sum of £1,000. If this is not won £100 will be paid for the best coupon received, and £25 for a *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupon—a distinct and extra prize. Thus £125 must be won. Scottish readers may enter. You can forward as many entries as you like.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, December 12th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON
and Rules on
PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, December 4th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 8."

The closing date is Friday, December 11th.

SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE. CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, DEC. 11.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR.

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"You might kindly let Mrs. — know if you know anything about her jewels which came from Paris as she has never seen anything of them as we have heard they came to Govan Post Office as they were delivered at —, the Butcher at — Street and — the dairy at — Road. She has found this to be true as she spoke to the dairy people about. She has had her son killed at — and was awarded £350 which was claimed by another man who was supposed to be her son. Her uncle was the richest man in —, and the assaulted. You might kindly see if you can help her to find them."

"Many thanks for showing me that you don't think my Photos genuine, by your efforts in this week's Rag, in the "Pity the Poor Editor" gag. If you care to know any time how I produced the realistic effect, I shall be pleased to show you, my wonderful camera. Have you noticed that there was no mistake made, correct even to the Kaiser's deformed left? Of course, it did not need such a very smart brain to see that Russia, France, Britain and Servia were bound to win this war. So of course I concocted a plan to gain a little cheap notoriety. Of course to give probability to my statements I had to appear learned, which of course I failed in. Are all your horses fit? Good. I love experiments. I have often tried with success (of course, coincidence) to make a horse run badly. I think I'll have a go at your horses, so don't put your readers wise of a good thing. Of course all this is tommy rot. I don't expect you to read it. But if you do, remember my name. You see, I always write top speed without thinking, so that probably accounts for my letters containing senseless and Blasphemous Statements.

P.S.—Wouldn't it be awful if I was really a wonderful feller? If I went over to the other side for a consideration."

Racing Notes.

Manchester and Lingfield on Saturday duly brought the flat racing season to an end. For the last two months interruptions were not serious, and it is to be hoped that by the time Lincoln is due at the end of March things will be brighter in England. Sport has been "carried on" through a very trying crisis, and there now seems no reason to doubt that it will be resumed at its proper time.

Racing "over the sticks" is a difficult subject to touch upon in the early days of the cross-country season, and until the form settles down, and it is possible to know whether old 'uns have deteriorated or improved, whether new beginners are proficient at the game, it is advisable to go slow. Many of our crack jumping jockeys are serving in his Majesty's forces, but there seems no reason to doubt that there will be plenty left to go round, and also there seems no scarcity of horses. The meetings this week are at Haydock and Kempton Park.

At Haydock to-day (Wednesday) POLYGLOT should win the Maiden Hurdle; FINCHALE the County Steeplechase, and ELSHENDER the Makerfield Steeplechase. If POLITAN is sent for the Garwood Hurdle, he should score comfortably, for he is a very nice young hurdler.

To-morrow (Thursday) MACOOMER can take the Newton Hurdle; BAELDI the St. Helen's Steeplechase, and RED COCKADE the Club Steeplechase.

At Kempton on Friday LORD RIVERS on this his favourite course will nearly win the Uxbridge Steeplechase, and LES ORMES should take the Two-Mile Maiden Steeplechase. On Saturday LUTTEUR III. for the Richmond Steeplechase looks the best thing of the week.

The Editor's horses had no chance in the abnormal going at Manchester, but DUKE OF TIPPERARY, BOUTON ROUGE and St. JULIEN should give the stable a send-off for the winter season.

YOUR LAST. CHANCE TO WIN A PLUMP CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

1500 TURKEYS

£250

FIRST PRIZE

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

This is the Last Week of Our
Magnificent Offer of
1,500 SPECIALLY SELECTED TURKEYS.

250 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

In consequence of the War, Turkeys will be very scarce this year, and more expensive. Many will probably find it impossible to procure one at all. "John Bull's" "Bullets" Turkeys will be of the very highest quality, and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas Dinner, and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week.

If you wish to secure a Fine, Plump Turkey for your Xmas Dinner
SEND IN YOUR COUPON NOW!

£250

FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES OF £2:10⁰/EACH

100 Prizes of 10/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

200 Prizes of 5/-

UPSETTING THE KAISER
HOME DEFENCE
THE RUSSIAN ARMY
WINNING TURKEY
WHY FATHER ENLISTED
INVADING GERMANY

STOUT RESISTANCE
FEELING SATISFIED
REFUSING TO SERVE
WORTHLESS IMITATION
GIVING UP HOPE
PUBLIC SPEAKERS

MEETS WITH RESPECT
PLEASEING THE GENERAL
BROKEN GENTLY
MY FIRST SUGGEST
BANK INJURY
THE LATEST GAG

MOTHER'S ALLOWANCE
TROUBLE IN STORE
GETTING ALARMED
ALL TOGETHER
PAGED BY SENIOR
STICKING TO POST

TAKING ACTION
LOSING WEIGHT
FLUSHED APPEARANCE
UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE
IN/ASH SCENE
SOLID FORMATION

Bullets can be constructed from these Examples.

Closing date, Thursday, December 10th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(114) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition
in accordance with the rules and
conditions announced on page iii.
of cover.

Signed

Address

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated December 12th.

Closing date, Thursday, December 10th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(114) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition
in accordance with the rules and
conditions announced on page iii.
of cover.

Signed

Address

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 114," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 26th, 1914.

2,571 PRIZES Value £1,175 THIS WEEK!

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE," and take the letters "E" and "T" using the word "KLEPTOMANIC" as the middle word you can make the Bullet "EVERYTHING KLEPTOMANIC TAKES." From the example "WORTHLESS IMITATION" the Bullet "ANNOYS SHOPPER" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "GIVING UP HOPE," using the letter "O" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet "OF VICTORY, OTTOMAN."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The luck will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF 111TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. R. TYCE,
17, Church Close,
Northumberland Street,
Norwich.

Example:—WHAT KITCHENER WANTS.
Bullet:—HIS "CALLING" INDICATES.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

Mr. K. WALSH, Redstone Cottage, West Kirby, Cheshire:
PAYING TOMMY—PATRIOTISM BY PROXY.
Mr. DON WALL, 105, Seymour Road, Gloucester:
IN GERMAN—MISSUS SHOPS ALONE.
Mr. E. C. BOOTH, Dalkeith, Selby Avenue, St. Albans:
FINDING FATHER OUT—"OWING" TO FRIENDS.
Mr. A. HOLMES, 9, Dalnally Road, Adliscumbe, Croydon, S.E.:
NOT DESIRABLE—BARBER DESCRIBING BATTLE.
Mr. C. CROSS, 13, Warwick Road, Atherley, S.E.:
COVERED WITH CONFUSION—NAVY'S CHIN—FRIDAY.
Miss DOROTHY BEAMISH, 12, Northcott Avenue, Wood Green, N.:
A RAPID MOVE—AMATEUR BANDAGES MOSTLY.
Mr. W. WILKINS, 1, Providence Place, Chertsey, Brighton:
A TRYING CAMPAIGN—SUSSESS CENSOR'S GEOGRAPHY.
Mr. THOS. H. TOLLFIELD, 33, Waterloo Street, Hove, Brighton:
BEATS EVERYTHING—"BEGGING" FOR TOMMIES.
Mrs. J. COLVEN, 21, Mitchell Street, Dalkeith, N.B.:
A RAPID MOVE—ENSURES BLANKET MONOPOLY.
Mrs. D. ROSS, Sussex Villa, Mary St., Dunoon, Argyllshire:
TEMPERANCE REFORM—THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

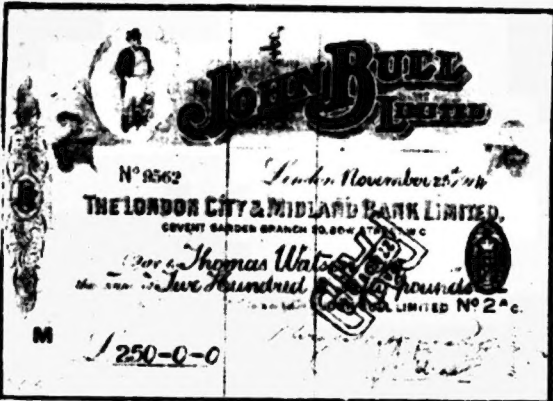
TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. FRANK L. C. IRWIN, 18, Saffron St., Birkby, Huddersfield:
A BERRY SHOW—SIMPLY JOINING "MURRAHS."
Mr. W. T. HOPPS, 39, Warwick Street, Loughborough Spa:
FINDING FATHER OUT—RETURNING PRODIGAL'S HOPE.
Mr. ENOCH MAYERS, 8, Norbury Av., Pimlico, Manchester:
GETTING HIS STRIPES—THREE'S COMPANY THEN.
Mrs. J. GIBSON, School St., Roberttown, Liversedge, Yorks.:
DRAWING NEARER—ANGEL'S "GREAT DISILLUSION."
Mr. P. NICHOLLS, 49, Musgrave Rd., Walsley Green, Birmingham:
ENGLAND'S AWAKENING—NEIGHBOUR'S KIDS ACCOMPLISH.
Miss JAMES, 16, Padua Road, Pease, S.B.:
REGARDLESS OF COST—FIRST BABY BARBED.
Mr. J. D. L. PONDER, Customs and Excise Laboratory, Custom House, Manchester:
FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION—SOMETIMES "DROPS" STIMULANT.
Mr. F. RODGERS, 7, Brand Street, Mylebone, N.W.:
FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION—GRANDFATHER WITH HAIR-BRUSH.
Mr. WILLIAM S. HUNTER, Dunphail, Craigie Rd., Perth:
AMAZING REPORT—AUSTRIANS AGAIN ANNIHILATED.
Mr. M. JAMES, "Twyndham," Oak Tree Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton:
FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION—JELL PAPERS NIGHTLY.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ANSON, C. W., Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.
AULT, J. S., 81, Bratt Street, West Bromwich, Staffs.
BARRATT, M. A. (Mrs.), 55, Grand Street, Derby.
BATCHELOR, C. G., 29, Akeman Street, Tring, Herts.
BATTEN, W. H., Church Street, Lancaster.
BELL, R. L., 55, Darucombe Street, Manchester, S.W.
BRADY, M. (Mrs.), 66, Biddestone Road, Holloway, N.
BRETT, I. A. (Mrs.), Alton, Staffordshire.
BREACH, (Mrs.), 9, Dovercoat Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.
BROOKS (Pte.), 4, Belbords, G. Coy., 72, Lee Road, Dovercourt, Essex.
CHANNON, L. (Mrs.), 3, Crosse View, Althampton, nr. Exeter.
COLEMAN, D., 13, St. Mary's Road, Paddington Green, W.
COLLINS, W. (Sgt.), R.W. Rgt., c/o Miss E. Owers, 87, First Avenue, Stechford, Birmingham.
COOK, E., Storeman, Caird's Shipyard, Greenock, N.B.
CRANSTON, PAULINE (Hdl.), Hurst Hill House, Freshwater, of Wight.
EY, R. V. T., R.C. Presbytery, Tooley-Park, Glam.
FON, A., 30, Green Lane, Hollis, Olham.
GREEN, G. T., Sgt.-Major, "B" Coy. 6th Yorks Rgt., Belton Park, Grantham.
GROSVENOR, E., The Mount, Bournstone, Farnham, Surrey.
HALE, W. (Insp.), 22, Felix Rd., Stapleton Rd., Bristol.
HALL, M. E., 155, Monks Road, Lincoln.
HANCOCK, H. J. R., 9, Victoria Avenue, Blackpool.
HARPER, A., 92, Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston.
HAWKLEY, M., 20, Mount Street, Mansfield, Notts.
HIGGINS, R. C., Prospect Ter., Hipperholme, Halifax.
HODGKIN, W. T. (Mrs.), Letchmore Heath, Watford, Herts.
JAMES, H. A., Postman, Battersea Head Office, S.W.
JONES, R. H., Junior Reform Club, Liverpool.
JONES, J., Greenfield Buildings, Llanelli.
JOY, L. M. (Mrs.), Eaton Hastings, Faringdon, Berks.
JUDGE, CONSTANCE, 8, Denton Street, Heywood.
LANIER, A. H., Architect and Surveyor, 3, Nelson Street, Rotherham.
LA MOTHE (Mrs.), Myrtle Hill, Ramsey, I.O.M.
LAMBERT, W., 6, Ramsden Road, Hexthorpe, Doncaster.
LANE, H., 106, Charniaster Road, Bournemouth.
LANDEN, J., Town Hall, St. Pauls, London.
LAWRENCE, J. (Sgt.), "A" Coy., 8th Devon Rgt., Barracca Bks., Aldershot.
LINDSAY, G., 5, Brookpark Road, High Blantyre, Scotland.
LORD, W., 41, Fairfield Street, Pendleton, Manchester.
LOVEDAY, W., 40, Curry Street, Abernethy, Aberlure.
MARSH, H., 283, Great Cloves Street, Broughton, Manchester.
MASON, J., Percy Lodge, Wrexham.
MACFARLANE, EVA C., 119, Lothian Road, Edinburgh.
MICHAEL, T., 11, Spring Gardens Terrace, Roath, Cardiff.
MILNES, E. L., Staff Sgt.-Major, Headquarters, Central Force, Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W.
MOON (Mrs.), 11, Warrior Square, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
MOOR, W., Bellona, Co. Derry, Ireland.
MORLEY, E. (Mrs.), 207, Moss Lane East, Manchester.
MURPHY, S., 17, Irvine Place, Stirling.
NEAL, S. A. (Mrs.), 23, Shipstone Street, Nottingham.
ORMISTON, W. J., Camroulan Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.
PAINE, G. (Bomber), 6th Brigade R.F.A., Ammunition Column A Lines, Tidworth.
PARKER, J. T., Sub. P.O., West Street, Boston.
PICKERING, E. G., 7, Baltic Street, West Hartlepool.
PHILLIPS, S. J., 60, Kingsland Road, Plaistow, E.
POLLARD, W. G., 45, Craigton Rd., Well Hall, Eltham, S.E.
POWER, R., 49, St. George's Avenue, Forest Gate, E.
RICHMAN, J. (Mrs.), North Lane, Haxby, York.
RICHARDS, H. S., 15, Eilers, Bripport, Dorset.
RICHARDSON, P. C., 27, Moorland View, Fegg Hayes, Tunstall, Staffs.

DOXHOPE, P., Auburn Cott., Auburn Street, Dublin.
DRUMMOND, A., Cromwell Pk., Almondbank, Perth, Scotland.
EDWARDS (Nurse), 74, South Street, Huddersfield.
ELKINGTON, L., 42, Queen Street, Haverhill, Cambridge.
EVANS, T., 259, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.
GATES, F. (Mrs.), 46, King Edward Grove, Teddington.
GIMSON, A. (Mrs.), 127, Stocks Lane, Stalybridge.
GLEDDHILL, R., 25, St. Anne's Rd., Skircoat Green, Halifax.
GREEN, G. T., Sgt.-Major, "B" Coy. 6th Yorks Rgt., Belton Park, Grantham.
GROSVENOR, E., The Mount, Bournstone, Farnham, Surrey.
HALE, W. (Insp.), 22, Felix Rd., Stapleton Rd., Bristol.
HALL, M. E., 155, Monks Road, Lincoln.
HANCOCK, H. J. R., 9, Victoria Avenue, Blackpool.
HARPER, A., 92, Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston.
HAWKLEY, M., 20, Mount Street, Mansfield, Notts.
HIGGINS, R. C., Prospect Ter., Hipperholme, Halifax.
HODGKIN, W. T. (Mrs.), Letchmore Heath, Watford, Herts.
JAMES, H. A., Postman, Battersea Head Office, S.W.
JONES, R. H., Junior Reform Club, Liverpool.
JONES, J., Greenfield Buildings, Llanelli.
JOY, L. M. (Mrs.), Eaton Hastings, Faringdon, Berks.
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LA MOTHE (Mrs.), Myrtle Hill, Ramsey, I.O.M.
LAMBERT, W., 6, Ramsden Road, Hexthorpe, Doncaster.
LANE, H., 106, Charniaster Road, Bournemouth.
LANDEN, J., Town Hall, St. Pauls, London.
LAWRENCE, J. (Sgt.), "A" Coy., 8th Devon Rgt., Barracca Bks., Aldershot.
LINDSAY, G., 5, Brookpark Road, High Blantyre, Scotland.
LORD, W., 41, Fairfield Street, Pendleton, Manchester.
LOVEDAY, W., 40, Curry Street, Abernethy, Aberlure.
MARSH, H., 283, Great Cloves Street, Broughton, Manchester.
MASON, J., Percy Lodge, Wrexham.
MACFARLANE, EVA C., 119, Lothian Road, Edinburgh.
MICHAEL, T., 11, Spring Gardens Terrace, Roath, Cardiff.
MILNES, E. L., Staff Sgt.-Major, Headquarters, Central Force, Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W.
MOON (Mrs.), 11, Warrior Square, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
MOOR, W., Bellona, Co. Derry, Ireland.
MORLEY, E. (Mrs.), 207, Moss Lane East, Manchester.
MURPHY, S., 17, Irvine Place, Stirling.
NEAL, S. A. (Mrs.), 23, Shipstone Street, Nottingham.
ORMISTON, W. J., Camroulan Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.
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PICKERING, E. G., 7, Baltic Street, West Hartlepool.
PHILLIPS, S. J., 60, Kingsland Road, Plaistow, E.
POLLARD, W. G., 45, Craigton Rd., Well Hall, Eltham, S.E.
POWER, R., 49, St. George's Avenue, Forest Gate, E.
RICHMAN, J. (Mrs.), North Lane, Haxby, York.
RICHARDS, H. S., 15, Eilers, Bripport, Dorset.
RICHARDSON, P. C., 27, Moorland View, Fegg Hayes, Tunstall, Staffs.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. T. Marshall, Newsagent, 68, Humber Street, Grimsby, from December 3rd.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown on a slide daily at The Tivoli Cinema Theatre, Grimsby.

RICHARDSON, G., 617, Whitehead Torpedo Works, Wyke Regis, Weymouth.
ROBERTS, J., 26, Bourne Street, Eastbourne.
ROWLE, A. F. (Mrs.), 26, Kingsway, Coventry.
RUDDESSEN, A., F.R.G.S., 17, Bloomfield Avenue, Bath.
SEDDGWICK, W. (Sergeant), Depot, The Buffs, Canterbury.
SHARP, R. C., 8, Foundry Road, Coxhoe, Durham.
SHEDD, S. (Mrs.), 14, Belgrave Road, Cambridge.
SKELSON, W. H. (Det. Sgt.), City Police Office, Lincoln.
SMITH, A., 59, Ronilly Road West, Canton, Cardiff.
SNOW, W. J., c/o Mr. Boys, 222, Beaumont Road, Plymouth.
SPIKINS, J., 32, Elsenham Road, Grimsby.
STEPHENS, M. (Mrs.), Imperial Hotel, Dublin.
STEVENS, E., 78, Britannia Road, Portsmouth.
TAYLOR, F., Hill Crest, Whitechurch, Shropshire.
TAYLOR, P. (Miss), 6, So. Clerk Street, Edinburgh.
THOMAS, B., 5, Lewis Street, Trehalod, Pontypridd.
THORN, E., 62, Croft Street, Hyde, Cheshire.
THURSTON, H. A., 17, Eve Road, Leytonstone, N.E.
TURNBULL, R. B., 9, Regent Street, Hartlepool.
UTTERIDGE, C. J., North Terrace, Cambridge Road, Cherry Hinton, Cambs.
WAITE, W., Express Office, Merthyr Tydfil.
WAKERELL, H. K., 25, Bridgend Square, Haverfordwest.
WALKER, F., 396, Aston Lane, Birmingham.
WARREN, W., 57, Maidstone Road, Rochester.
WARD, E., 276, Newport Road, Middlesbrough.
WARREN, S., 126, Hopper's Road, Winchester Hill, N.
WATERS, J. W., s.s. "Princess Caroline," c/o M. Langlands, Lowgate, Hull.
WHITE, S. F., 352, Ditchling Road, Brighton.
WILSON, W. H., 252, Calais Road, Burtou-on-Trent.
WILSHIRE, G. H., Church Street, Cuddington, Aylesbury.
WINTER, A., 154, Catnays Terrace, Cardiff.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

GALVIN, P., A.B. Guards Mess, Naval Barracks, Devonport.
GODSON, A. (Pte.), D. Coy., Leeds Batt., Colsterdale, N. Yorks.
GOODINSON, E., 21, Rising Street, Sheffield.
GOODIER, E., 29, Cypress St., Harpurley, Manchester.
GORDON, J., 39, Adswold Lane, W. Stockport.
GORE, A. M. (Mrs.), Herrnhut, Margate.
GRANT, B. (Miss), Klondyke Picturedrome, Tullamore, Kings Co.
GUMLEY, J. E., 3, Fingal Place, Edinburgh.
HAIGH, C. H., 95, Pendevon Road, W. Croydon.
HAMMOND, L., 6, Westbury Road, Wembley, Middlesex.
HARVEY, J. B. (Trooper), C. Squadron, N. Irish Horse, Antrim.
HARTMAN, W. G., 5, Seymour Street, Slott, Cardiff.
HARRIS, T., Empire Theatre, Hackney, N.E.
HARRIS, W., 23, Windham Road, Bournemouth.
HARRIS, D. (Mrs.), 61, Maesycwm Street, Barry, Glam.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 prize winners of Turkeys on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a halfpenny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitors' Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES (which must be strictly adhered to).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 32, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "A Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, December 10th.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

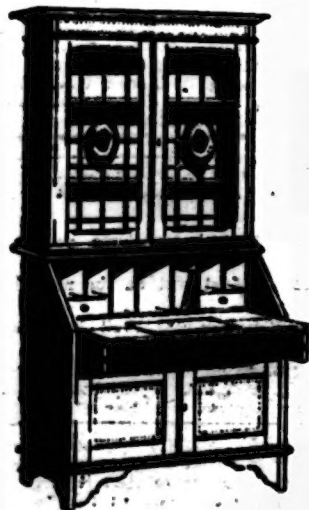
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."



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£100	...	2 5 0
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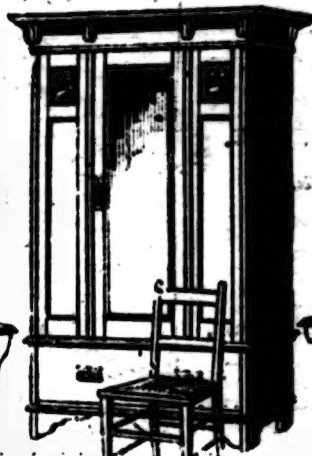
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